Apple Blossoms and Other Poems

By Violet Beck

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Presented to Wilmer Shields,
by the author, Violet Becke,
to be included in his San Diego
collection of local writers.
January 21, 195[illegible]

Mr. Shields is at my house,
now, at 411 21st Street, on Golden Hill
here in San Diego.

My sister Eva and I have been
telling him about ~~Elizabeth~~ Isabel Mazee,
~~whose name and book, "Journeying~~
~~Through the Years" is in his list~~
~~of books not yet located~~.

We went to school to her, in
the eighth grade, at Middleton,
now Washington School.

She inculcated in ~~us~~ the love
of good poetry; and many years
later, we wrote and thanked her
(as our teacher)
She was white-haired then; but
she must have been younger than

we thought, - just around the turn of the century. ~~for it has been only recently she has died. She published two books in 1942.~~

Every class of hers learned Kipling's Recessional. Friday afternoons we had programme of recitations. We wrote book-reviews. Almost every day, we recited in unison from the fourth chapter of Philippians.

"Whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

a favorite song was "Holy, Holy, Holy."

She encouraged me in Art.

I write these things to keep in memory a teacher whose influence must have carried far, if she meant so much to Eva and me.

She stopped teaching in the middle of my eighth grade term, to attend College, and taught in high school.

I, also taught in high school many years, and am now retired.

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APPLE BLOSSOMS

By VIOLET BECK

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

SAN DIEGO
1926

LINOTYPED BY THE STUDENTS OF MR. ROMER'S CLASSES
AT SAN DIEGO HIGH SCHOOL
TO WHOM GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS MADE
FOR THEIR KIND ASSISTANCE

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DEDICATED
TO
MY SISTER EVA

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Page

Frontispiece: Myself in Uncle Judah's apple orchard.
Mrs. Everett and Douglas 17
My Mother and Lillian 21
Blanche and Pauline 27
Alma and a kid 33
Mary 36
My Oak Tree 49
Julia and Marjorie 59
Clare by the entrance of Sweetwater High 77
Junior patting the little stone lamb 79
Grandmother 81
The Homeplace 82
Aunt Flora and Donald 83
Photographs 84-88
Aunt Lydia's house, and children playing 89
Ralph with Marie and Dorothy 92
The line of poplars across the vineyard 96
Aunt Lydia's house from the Malaga Road 97
Aunt Flora E. 102
Uncle Phil 105
Aunt Flora A. at the organ 106
Uncle Judah 107
Shasta daisies 111
Jackie and his grandfather 127
Mrs. Phillips 134
Sonny and Dorothy 137
Emma by the fountain of San Diego High 151
Hal and Pauline and a donkey 161

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

Apple Blossoms 11

VERSES FOR MOTHERS AND BABIES

Morning Glories 15
Welcome, Stranger 16
Welcome 16
Hester 16
Every Mother is a Mary 17
Sunny-hearted Baby 18
Eula 18
Jesus, Bless the Baby 19
To Pauline 19
To Keith 19
A Borrowed Baby 20
Baby Chickens 20
Nan-Nan's Precious Baby 21
Wedding-Picture 22-23
Eventide 23
We Bring to Thee the Children 23
Child-Hunger 23
A Baby 24
Rock-a-Bye Baby 25
Hello, Mitta Bett 25

CHRISTMAS VERSES

My Christmas Handkerchief 29
The Morning of Jesus' Birth 29
The Little Child 30
Christmas Dialogue 30
Mary's Song on Christmas Morning 31
Gifts for a Christmas Baby 31
A Christmas Wish 31
The Boy with a Shining Light 32

BE KIND TO ANIMALS

A Kind Girl 35
Be Kind 35
The Forest Creatures 35
For Love of Dogs 35
Queenie 36
A Deer 36

CHILDREN'S VERSES

When Morning Comes 39
I'm Not One Bit Afraid 39
Nurses are Nice Things 40
The Patient Little Patient 40
My Room is Way up in the Sky 41
The Patient Child 41
The Gypsy Girl 42
The Organ-Grinder's Monkey 42
Children with Balloons 42
Little Mermaiden 43
Topsy 44
Obedience 44

Page

The Broom, the Mop, the Dust Cloth 45
Geography 45
Promenade a la Chanson 46-47
Visit to Fairyland 48
Oh, Come with Me 48

COLLEGE

To My Oak Tree 51
Autumn Rain 51
To the Capitola Pilgrims 52
Rain at the End of Summer 52
Let There Be Light 53-54-55
On the Fiftieth Birthday of our University 56
Morning Chimes 57
The Sleeping Lady 58
A Visit to my University 58

SCHOOL

Walking to School 61
Monday Morning 61
A Window Opening on the Street 62
Gold-Edged Clouds 62
Desert Wind 63
My Evening Walk 64
Spring in the Desert 65
School 65
Puerum Puellamque 66-67
The Lilies of Covelo 68
Florence and her Song 68
Betty's Kittens 69
Closed Gates 69
Goodbye 70
Summer School 71-75
Lunch Hour 76
Who Can Tell a Maiden's Thoughts 77

HOME FOLKS' VERSES

Grandmother 80
The Yew and the Palm Tree 82
Home-Folks' Book 83
At Aunt Lydia's House 91-95
The Sabbath Day 96-101
Aunt Flora 102
Aunt Flora E. 103-104
My Uncle Phil's Garden 105
A Song of Family Worship 106-107
Fruitful Branches 108-110

BEAUTY FOR ASHES

Flowers by the Sick Bed 113
Golden Rod 113
Patience, and Peace, and Love 114
Shelter 114
The Comforter 114
Struggle 115

TABLE OF CONTENTS—Continued

Page

Waiting 115
God Sends His Saviours 116
The Gift of Blessing 116
The Comforter 117
A Savior 117
Thou Great Physician 118
I Love Thee 118
Dost Thou Love Me? 119
Confidence 119
Gratitude 119
I Have Touched 120
Thou Art My Joy 120
The Glorious Light 120
God's Hand Clasp 120
The Golden Cloud 120
Premonition 121
Exultation 121
Do Not Wait 122
Comfort 122
Father, Forgive 122
Morning Prayer 123
Compensation 123
The Angel of Reward 124
Resurrection 124
A New Song 124
The Springtime Comes By 125
Springtime and Blossomings 125
One Within 125
Spring After Winter 126

CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL

Grandfather's Arms 129
Martha 129
Mary Magdalene Poems 130-133
To Mrs. Phillips 134-135
I Light My Light 136
To Our Minister 136

FRIENDSHIP VERSES

For Edna's Wedding Book 139
To Alice 139

Page

To Helen 140
My Lady Fair 140
To Mildred 140
To Eva 141
My Rosary 141
For Alice 142-143
When I am Dead 143
To Mary 144
Shamrock 144
Birthday Greetings 144
Gladys Comes Down the Pathway 145
Undiscouraged Love 145
The Man Who Was Like a Birch Tree 146
To My Friend Who is Dying 147
Forgive 148
Reconciliation 148
To Cora Louise 149
To Caroline 149

SAN DIEGO

Spring-Timing 153
The Lights of the City 154-156
The Old Woman by the Sea 156-159

OUT OF DOORS

Off to the Mountains 163
The Meadow Lark 163
Rain 163
Frog's Song 163
The Cemetery on the Hill 164
An Azalea Found Pressed 164
Little Springtime-Flower 165
A Valentine for Dorothy 165
In the Mountains 165
Memories of Spring 166
The Edison Camp 167
The Hillside Grave 168-169
Moonlight in the Walnut Orchard 169
Mountain Sunset 170

APPLE BLOSSOMS
AND OTHER POEMS

FRONTISPIECE

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Zephyrs are blowing
  Pink petals in the air.
Meadow larks are piping,
"Spring is very fair."

Mocking-birds are nesting
  Along the poplar lane
Insects and bees buzz
  In the flowering grain.

A young girl comes walking
  Beneath the apple trees
Her dress is like the blossoms—
  She carries sprigs of these.

VERSES FOR MOTHERS AND BABIES

MORNING-GLORIES

Early in the morning, to my morning-glories coming,
To catch a fleeting glimpse of them before their glory's o'er,
I hear the sweetest crooning sound! It is a baby humming,
As she lies in her little bed in the bungalow next door.

Then, one happy morning, I heard soft gurgling laughter,
And there she was, her very self, the curtain pulled aside!
She smiled and waved her little hand. I tell you, ever after,
I look to see if she is there whene'er I step outside.

Morning-glories pink and blue,—how can I help but love them?
Crimson, white and violet, a bright and gorgeous band.
But the fairest morning-glory was the one I saw above them:
A baby girl in a night-gown who smiled and waved hand.

WELCOME

Welcome, stranger,
Harm nor danger
Come not unto thee.

We have waited,
Dear Belated,
Long, long days for thee.

Enter, enter,
Thou the center
Of our care and love,

Sisters, brother,
Father, mother,
Bend thy crib above.

Jesus guide thee,
Angels hide thee
From all grief and woe.

Joy come to thee,
Peace flow through thee
In this life below.

WELCOME

Welcome, tiny baby, welcome to our world,
All the future fortune in wee fingers curled.
What shall life bring to you? What of weal or woe?
Trust we in the Father. He shall watch you grow
Till the long night shadows fall across your way.
Fear you not, the Father watches you alway.

TO HESTER

Bless thee, Hester baby,
A Queen thou shalt be maybe,
Star by name,
Blest in fame,
Bless thee, Hester baby.

EVERY MOTHER IS A MARY

Every mother is a Mary,
The child against her breast
Has given her partnership with God;
She is divinely blest.

We think: "To have the little Jesus,
How proud was Mary mild."
But God bestows His heavenly image
Upon the humblest child.

So many times we grow impatient,
The babies need such care.
Would we but say: "If this were Jesus-"
Then it were joy to bear

Many a task that else were irksome.
Let not our patience dim:
In doing things for little ones
We do them unto Him.

SUNNY-HEARTED BABY

Sunny-hearted baby! Love her!
Let your face be kind above her.
Care and sorrow soon enough
Will touch her with their fingers rough.
Let your face be kind above her.
Sunny-hearted baby! Love her!

EULA

All in a moment, the little feet are still;
All in a moment, the laughter is no more;
No longer shall her cheery prattle fill
The house with joy. We open wide the door
And wait,—but she shall enter in no more.

Just yesterday, she looked so well and fair,
Romping about the yard in coat of red:
The little, baby coat she used to wear
So often; and her white cap on her head.
We cannot realize that she is dead!

They say the spirit cannot pass away,
Oh, but the part we saw and felt we miss:
The warm, soft, clinging arms that lay
About our necks; the loving baby kiss:
The laughing, playing, living child we miss!

And now she lies so still and waxen white!
Where is the life? We do not understand.
Father, in agony, we ask for light.
The keys of life and death are in Thy hand.
We trust in Thee, for Thou dost understand.

JESUS, BLESS THE BABY

Jesus, bless the baby,
Nestled on my arm;
As a mother guardeth,
Guard her from all harm.

Through the days of childhood,
Hold her little hand;
Walk beside her ever,
In a pleasant land.

Through the paths of girlhood,
Shine in every place;
Give her joy and gladness,
Bless her with Thy grace.

When the days grow dreary,
Pain creeps to her heart;
Let her lean upon Thee,
Nor from her depart.

When the last strange moment
Lies upon her brow,
Hold her to Thy bosom,
As I hold her now.

TO PAULINE

Hello, sweet thing!
Baby bewitching!
Gurgles, and winking, and every such thing!
Lo, in this heart of mine,
Linger sweet smiles of thine,
Curly-haired, flirting, gay little valentine!

TO KEITH

Some day will the maidens send love messages to thee
When an old, old lady of forty I shall be.
But today I may send a love-token unto thee.
There are lovers all about, adoring thee,
Not too many, though, to bless,
And to wish thee happiness.
Sturdy little Valentine, here's my love to thee!

DAVID

A little child is lent to me to-day.
His feet go pattering in and out my doors,
His little bare, pink feet, with toes spread wide
To steady him, hands held out too against
The frequent tumbles that he takes,— such soft,
Plump tumbles, quickly risen from
The distance is so short from down and up!

A rose he is, or peach, or some pink thing,
Pattering to and fro in his pink dress,
With brown of dancing eyes, gold of curls,
And red of parted lips, white teeth between.

Oh, dear, warm touches of the soft smooth hands!
Oh, sweet companionship of trusting gaze!
Blessed the mothers with the daily sound
Of half-formed words within their ears,
Gurgles and laughter, wails and weeping too.

I hold the tired-out baby in my arms,
And watch him fall asleep. The lashes wet
Droop o'er the rosy cheeks. The curly head
Sinks closer to my heart. So Mary held
The child who was the Savior of the world.
She did not know about the crown of thorns
Which was to lie upon those sunny curls,
Nor yet how far the little feet must go.
We do not know how far these feet will go,
These soft, pink, sleepy, dimpled baby feet!
God grant they travel not the stony ways!
And yet if they must go a weary way,
God give them strength! Perhaps through grief and pain
This baby may become a Savior too!

BABY CHICKENS

Baby chickens! Out on the grass in the sun!
Baby chickens! Warm yellow bundles of down!
Take one up soft in your hands, sweet,
Hold it up close to your ear.
Hark! and you'll hear its wee heart beat!
Babies love babies wherever they meet;
Mother hen need not fear.

NAN-NAN'S PRECIOUS BABY

"Nan-man's precious baby!"—How the dear phrase lingers
A dozen years ago it was I saw the picture blest.
Lillian was clasping one of my mother's fingers,
She was sitting on her lap, waiting to be dressed.

Clean and dainty underthings for a sweetheart baby,
Pliant shoes for tender feet waiting on the stand.
When she gets all dressed up nice, she'll go walking maybe
With Grossvater adown the street. He'll hold her little hand.

Oh, the years have flown away, with joys and sorrows laden.
We live no more within the house we used to live in then.
Lillian is now a merry high-school maiden,
But still in memory I hear that dear pet-name again.

"Nan-man's precious baby!"—In the wicker rocking chair
One arm around the baby, —she was so dear and sweet—,
I can see my mother sitting with the light upon her hair.
It shines upon the baby's cheek, and hands, and little feet.

Husband, let us rest awhile before the coming of the night
Let us sit here by the window in the waning sunset light.

All the children are asleep; and if our smallest baby cries
I can hasten quickly to him; for I see him where he lies.

Let us play that we are lovers, dear, as in the Long-ago
Let me put my hand in yours; we'll remember better so.

In my trunk among my treasures, this is what I found today:
It is far too brown and faded; for the years seem but but a day

Since that night when we were wedded and when all the guests were gone
You and I sat there together, with the firelight burning down.

You and I alone, together, and the world was all outside
You and I!—so full the moment, that I think I must have cried

For you put your arm about me like a world-wide, heart caress
And I nestled closely to you in my satin wedding dress.

You were, oh, so strongand gentle, that my heart flew to its home,
Feeling sure that peace would dwell there, and it need no longer roam.

Six short years! How swift the time goes! Years of work, and years of pain.
Years that took the bravest courage, both of heart and of the brain.

I am not complaining, Dearest, for, with all the children near,
And with you here close beside me, there is nothing that I fear.

Only I am thinking, wondering, how, through every
traveling sun,
Like a clear, inshining radiance, that first Wedding
Night has gone.

Now we look beyond the present, knowing not what
God will send,
May that love when first we wedded be our lode-star
to the end.

EVENTIDE

I have worked with love to day,
Patience, pain, and sadness;
But contentment comes for pay;
Nightfall's gift is gladness.

One clear star shines in the west;
Sleep folds up the clover;
They who work with love may rest,
When the day is over.

WE BRING THE CHILDREN TO THEE

We bring to Thee the children
All little ones that be.
Put Thy great arm about them
And guard them carefully.

Wiser art Thou, oh Father,
And mightier than we,—
We bring to Thee the children
And trust them unto Thee.

CHILD HUNGER

You have a husband and children of your own.
I have none; and I dwell alone.
But there are little children who live upon my street.
Sometimes they visit me, and oh, their eyes are
sweet—!
I keep playthings and dollies as a bait:
Betty, Bobby, Baby Dear; Beloved came of late.
Nonie asked me yesterday; "You buy dollies maybe
'Cause you have no little girl, and you want some
baby?"

A BABY

I have found a baby.
She lives in a house behind a garden.
She is just a little thing, only three months old;
But she is plump, and has bright eyes that look at things
And she smiled at me.

We went out on the porch in the warm twilight,
And the baby sat on my lap and looked at her mother
Her mother's eyes are dark and beautiful,
And I think the baby's eyes will be like them,
Although the father said they might stay blue.
The grandmother brought a photograph of the mother
And said the baby looked like her.
Anyway, the baby is a pretty baby,
And maybe she will have red hair!

I put the baby on her back,
And she looked up at the sky and the rose bushes,
And tossed one little hand about,
(The other was wrapped up for fear she'd suck it.)
Until her eyelids drooped.
Then, since it was her sleepy time,
I gave her to her mother,
And asked if I might come again,
And watch her grow this year,
Oh, she will be a darling as she grows—
She will be sitting up and trying words,
And maybe creeping by next May.
I am so glad that she is in this town.
Now, when I get too lonesome,
I can go and love her up awhile.

I woke and thought of her last night,
And the first thought this morning was of her,—
And the tears sprang to my eyes.

ROCK A BYE

Rock-a-bye a baby
Rock-a-baby bye.
Rock-a-bye a baby,
Baby, do not cry.

Little eyelids flutter
Over eyes of brown,
Little eyelids flutter,
Gently softly down.

Little, dimpled fingers!
Thumb is vanished quite.
Can you breathe, dear baby?
Your nose is smothered tight!

Put the baby gently
In her waiting bed.
Cover her up snugly,
Leaving out her head.

"HELLO, MITTA BETT!"

"Hello, Mitta Bett!" I hear Mardie calling
Any time of day I go out our front door.
And if I do not hear it, I find myself waiting:
A plump little girl is the one I'm looking for.

Frances has been growing: a pink and white dumpling
With red-golden curls that are her mother's pride.
From a baby in a buggy she advanced to the veranda
And now she follows Mardie like a shadow by her side.

This morning, as was custom, I heard Mardie's greeting:
"Hello, Mitta Bett!" and she waved merrily.
"Hello, Mardie girl!" I was answering when Frances:
"Hello, Mitta Bett!" called timidly to me.

It seems just yesterday our neighbors had a baby,
And now she's Mitta Bett-ing me,—I don't see how she can!
I fear, before I know it, Bernice will be a lady;
And in a day or so away, Billie will be a man.

CHRISTMAS VERSES

MY CHRISTMAS HANDKERCHIEF

Every Christmas, Blanche sends me a handkerchief.
Under the cypress tree, Blanche sits in a willow chair.
Pauline is perched on the arm of it, watching her mother sew.
The sun filters through the dark boughs, making bright lights on their hair:
Mother and daughter together, watching the needle go.
(Last summer I saw them so.)

Every Christmas, Blanche sends me a handkerchief.
In the warm, sweet Summertime, my Christmas gift is made.
Cunning fingers, doing all so perfectly!
Fragrance of ferns and verbenas, cooling breeze in the shade.
Into the fine white cloth she stitches her love for me.
(It hangs on my Christmas-tree.)

THE MORNING OF JESUS' BIRTH

In the clear sky of the Bethlethem night,
Silently shines a wondrous light.
Little Lord Jesus lies sweet on the hay
Just as the twilight turns toward day.

The shepherds have come o'er the brow of the hill.
And have walked through the village sleeping and still
They have knelt by the manger where Jesus lies,
And are gazing upon him in glad suprise.

Mary has clasped His tiny hands,
Joseph thoughtfully nearby stands.
Around cluster the angels, in soft refrain,
Singing: "Peace upon earth, goodwill to men."

Little Lord Jesus, may I come in?
I leave without my sorrow and sin,
If I may touch but your little warm feet,
Then will my heart-full of joy be complete.

THE LITTLE CHILD

So many years ago this night
The Little Child was born,
Lay at Mary's side and slept
The while the faint, blue morn,
Pierced by the Sacred Star's clear light
O'er Bethlehem's hillsides crept,
Where the shepherds drowsy guarding kept.

Did the little Child know the glory of that day?
How in years to come, all peoples of the earth
Would learn about the lowly birth,
And worship Him who lay upon the hay?
Or did He lie unheeding on the Mother's breast?
Helpless, and small, and needing tend'rest care,
Warmed by her body in the morning air,
Weeping for food, and nestling down in rest?

A common thing is birth;
But since the Master of the Earth
Came to us in this humble wise,
Upon the poorest child we rest our eyes
With reverend wondering;
He has made birth and babyhood a sacred thing.

CHRISTMAS DIALOGUE

Wise Men:

We are the wise men who came from afar,
Going toward the Bethlehem star,
Bringing our gifts of myrrh and of gold,
Seeking the king by prophets foretold.

Shepherds:

We are the shepherds who watched in the night,
When there shone on us a glory bright.
Angels were singing the joyful refrain:
"Peace upon earth, good will to men."

All:

Then we all went to the Holy Child,
Carefully watched by the Mother Mild,
Pretty and dear and sweet was he,—
Little Lord Jesus, our Savior to be.

MARY'S SONG ON CHRISTMAS MORN

Little one, Jesus, lying beside me,
Thou art mine own;
Such joy ere this, and exceeding gladness,
I have not known.

Strange things, I know, shall come to thee, baby;
Great thou shalt be,
Mother must care for thee, now thou art little,
Most carefully.

Already visitors, bidden by angels,
Make themselves known;
But I, thy mother, more than all others,
Claim thee mine own.

Little hands, little feet, little warm body,
Close to my side,
Mother will care for thee, love thee, stay near thee,
Whatever betide.

GIFTS FOR A CHRISTMAS BABY

Gold and frankincense and myrrh
I bring as offering, thou little child;
And I speak now to her,
Thy mother mild:
"No rich treasures as of old,
Do I bring;
Only dandelions for gold;
Breath of heaven for myrrh;
And the violets sweet,
Frankincense. I lay all at the feet
Of thy little child."

A CHRISTMAS WISH

What is it that I may wish for thee,
Oh Friend of my heart, far away,
That shall make thy heart the happier be
On this glad Christmas Day?

Cool air outside, and a sunny sky,
And within, a warm hearth-stone;
Gifts to remember the Christ child by,
And children small of thine-own.

THE BOY WITH A SHINING LIGHT

I know of one who has shining light.
One night I happened in a little church
At Christmas time; there was a lighted tree,
And boughs, new-cut, of cedar. Ever since,
The fragrance of new cedar boughs brings back
That meeting of young people on that night.
The leader was a boy, seventeen perhaps.
In his uplifted face there was a light,
As of a blazing joy, unquenchable.
His words were strong and eager: he had found,
Suddenly, God. Now, all of life was God's.
His life belonged to Him, and God was his;
Hard things might come, but God would be the guide
He loved God, wished to serve Him, gave himself,—
He would be glad to do the will of God.
So the lad unfalteringly promised his life.
To God's service, a glory in his eyes.

Years have gone by, but still the memory lives
Of the boy's face kindled with inner light,
Of the boy's words, flaming with hidden fire.
Hard things have come to me, but in the dark,
Somehow, a saving radiance has glowed,—
I knew of one who had a shining light.

Today I smelled new cedar in a store.
Straightway I saw the young lad's lifted face,
Heard his strong words of joy and glorious trust,
And so took heart again, remembering,
I knew of one who had a shining light.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS

A KIND GIRL

I wish you could see Alma's kind face:
Under her hat it is hid.
Alma is kind to everyone.
Here, she is feeding a kid.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS

Be kind to animals! Be kind!
And you will find
Kindness will return to you.
Be kind! Be kind!

THE FOREST CREATURES

Be kind to creatures that dwell in the forest.
Shy, swift, beautiful things!—
Let us keep from them, as lies in our power,
Needless sufferings.

Freedom, beauty, God has bestowed on them,
Blessings desired and care.
They are like children, helpless before us.
God charges us with their care.

FOR LOVE OF DOGS

A little girl and a dog!
Feel of warm fur, moist tongue,
Glint of mischievous eyes,
Joy of rollicking play:
All of the myriad things
That make up the ways of a dog
In the life of a little child.

You and I who have had
The love, in our youth, of a dog,
Know what a blessing it was,
More precious than silver or gold.
Kindness, affection, we learned,
To dumb beasts everywhere.
Kin, near kin, are they,
Like younger brothers of ours.

QUEENIE

Queenie is dead, that golden collie dog.
How empty will the street be with her gone!
How will the children miss her! All day long
She followed them about their play, on guard,
Or ran about them, leaping for a ball,
Her young, lithe, golden body full of life.

Had she been old! But only just this spring
Her first long clumsy puppies came.
How proud she was of them! How eagerly
She watched that visitors should harm them not.
Ahead of her there stretched a happy life,
Sheltered, beloved, filled with sunny days
And happy children, and the glad, wide street.

Now she is dead—
About the soul of her,
I know not. But God knows how deep the grief.
And surely, when we love so hard, and are
So loved in turn—how can death be the end?

A DEER

Shy things dwell n the forest.
Hush! There is a deer!
No gun have I, beautiful creature,—
You do not need to fear

Lightly he walks o'er the meadow.
Above is the free blue sky.
Young and alive in the mountains!
—There are those who would make him die.—

I love you, for we are brothers,
You have beauty, you are free.
I am thankful to God for the picture
Of exquisite grace I see.

CHILDREN'S VERSES

WHEN MORNING AND WHEN NIGHT COMES

When morning comes, and I can hear
The birds and other happy things,
I'd just as soon my Father dear
Would send an angel with white wings,

And hair all gold upon its head,
And long white robe, and smiling eyes,
Just like the sunshine on my bed
Where on the counter-pane it lies.

I'd just as soon, that through the day
This angel might be with me, too,
To watch above me where I play,
Or work, or anything I do.

But when night comes, and I feel bad,
And tired so I can hardly rest,
I do not want the things I've had,
Nor any angels second best.

Even if He must leave His throne
With all the things in Heaven that be,
I want just Father-God alone
To hold me close and comfort me.

He is so large, and dark and still!
I nestle warm, and soft, and deep.
He holds me up real close until
At last I shut my eyes and sleep.

I'M NOT ONE BIT AFRAID

I'm not one bit afraid, God,
And I'm not going to be;
For Thou art here beside me,
And Thou wilt care for me.

If I just hold onto Thee,
And clasp Thine hand real tight,
I'm sure that what will happen
Will have to be all right.

NURSES ARE NICE THINGS

Nurses are nice things; when one feels bad,
—Just turrible,—they stay,
And hold, and rub one's hand; and after 'while
The pain goes all away.

And in the night, when one just grunts and groans,
And makes a noise, they keep
A-turning of one on the other side,
And then one goes to sleep.

And after'while, when one gets almost well,
They don't forget to come,
And wash one's face, and comb one's snarley hair,
And look in at one, some.

My nurse has got blue eyes and curly hair.
When I get home, I'll be
A-telling to the folks they'd ought to act
As good to me as she.

THE PATIENT LITTLE PATIENT

Today I'm going to try and act
As good as I can be;
And not cry once, nor ask the unrse
To do too much for me.

'Cause Doctor says that anyone
Could get to feeling bad,
If he'd just let his troubles loom,
And think of all he'd had.

And he says: "When you feel so blue,
Just think that God is near;
And that He loves, and cares for you;
And then you will not fear."

So I'll be good the livelong day,
And when he comes at night,
He'll find me all in smiles and say:
"I'm glad you look so bright!"

MY ROOM IS 'WAY UP IN THE SKY

My room is 'way up in the sky,
So very high,
That when God wants to, He can see
Right in at me.

And, just like Him, I can look down,
Upon the town;
But I can't see what people do,
God looks clear through!

At night the stars shine overhead
Right on my bed.
"Won't you come in, dear God," I say,
"And with me stay?"

THE PATIENT CHILD

The nurse says I'm a patient child,
And as good as I can be.
But really I can't help it, 'cause
They're all so good to me.

The nurse humps up my pillow fine
And keeps so very near,
I only have to ring a bell,
And she says: "I'm right here!"

And twice a day the Doctor comes
And sits beside my bed,
And talks to me so very nice
I almost think, instead

Of being well, and running 'round
It's just as nice to be
A little sick child, here in bed,
They're all so good to me.

THE GYPSY GIRL

I am a gypsy maiden.
I have a dress of red.
Red is the shawl around me.
Red is the cap on my head.

I have a gypsy lover.
He calls me his sweetheart fair.
He praises my lips of crimson.
He praises my eyes and my hair.

Sometime we two shall marry
In a gypsy wedding gay.
We shall dance and sing and be merry
And then we shall roam away.

Over the hills and meadows
Wherever we chance to come.
The valleys and hills and waysides
Shall everywhere be our home.

THE ORGAN GRINDER'S MONKEY

When the organ-grinder came along one day,
All the children flocked to see the monkey play.
He could catch the pennies really very well.
He could play the castanet and he could ring a bell.

CHILDREN WITH BALLOONS

On the lawn are playing in the morning sunlight
Teresa and Nonie, who live two doors from me.
They are playing with balloons of brilliant crimson
Tossing, catching them with laughter free.

Funny little Nonie throws hers up above her,
Then runs with outstretched hands to catchit
soon.
Teresa with slender fingers, touches hers but lightly.
Merrily bounding, dances her balloon.
her balloon.

LITTLE MERMAIDEN

Little mermaiden, down under the sea,
How I should like to play with thee!
Such interesting things there must be to do
Down where the water is deep and blue.

Little mermaiden, thy hair is gold,
And thy mother combs it, I've been told.
Perhaps it gets tangled and snarled down there.
I wouldn't want her to comb my hair!

We would run away and somewhere hide
Where queer little animals abide.
Thou wouldst take my hand should we see a whale,
Cause I couldn't swim without any tail!

I think I should like to hear thee sing.
Thy voice like little sea-bells would ring.
And all the creatures that near might be
Would come swimming 'round to look at thee.

But when night comes, down under the sea,
I don't think I'd like to stay with thee
For where could I lay my sleepy head?
Everything is too wet to go to bed.

I think I'd rather go back to my home
And have my really own mother come,
And when all my blessings and prayers I'd have said
I could go to sleep in my own warm bed!

TOPSY

Topsy is a kitty,
A playful little thing.
She's shiny black and pretty,
And crazy over a string.

She came to our house by day
The thirteenth day of June.
It was upon a Friday
Late in the afternoon.

She climbed the hill sedately
And walked right through the door,
As if she'd known us lately,
She never left us more.

So funny her side nose is,
You'd really laugh to see.
She plays among the roses
She likes to play with me.

OBEDIENCE

We who would pleasing be to God
Must all His words obey
And do just what He tells us to
Throughout the livelong day.

And if there should be anything
To which He may say "No,"
We should be glad to yield our wills
Because we love Him so.

And He has said that all of us
Who do what He may say,
Are friends of His. And that is why
We willingly obey.

THE BROOM

I am the wild North Wind who blows
Out of a blustering sky,
I sweep the dust and leaves about
And roar as I go by.

THE MOP

I am the swiftly falling rain
Over the wide green plain,
I make the earth all nice and clean
And leave with a shower again.

THE DUST CLOTH

I am the gentle South Wind mild
Who comes when the rain is gone,
When the sun shines bright and clear again
And the day's house-cleaning is done.

GEOGRAPHY

My thoughts go dipping like the wings of sea-gulls white;
Hither they skim and yon.
I visit, strange countries, with these wings of magic ligt,
Which my feet cannot tread upon.

I see strange faces: white, or brown, or black.
But me they cannot see.
I can slip among them, or I can fly back,
In geography.

PROMENADE A LA CHANSON
(A CHANT)
By Ernie Burroughs and Me

Beck: The leaves are falling from the trees upon the dyke.

Ernie: The leaves are falling on the gwound.

B. They fall into the water and float away.

E. I fink I will crimb over the fence an' get some.

B. But I don't think you'd better because we're going back now.
See the blue heron! He rises from the water and flaps his wings.

E. The blue heron fraps his wings an' fries away.
An' there is some birdies!

B. I think they are blackbirds.
And, oh, see the oriole as he circles and dips!

E. The lowiole fries away.

B. He is flying toward Mt. Diablo, distant and blue.
The clouds are tumbling over the mountains, and stretch up in the sky.

E. They stwetch up in a sky.
I'm goin' to frow stones in a water.

B. The stones fall in the water, kerplunk, kerplunk! Kerplunk!

E. Plunk! Plunk! Plunk!

B. A little boy stands by the edge of the water and throws in stones.
Kerplunk! Kerplunk! Kerplunk!

E. Plunk! Plunk! Plunk!

B. And I'll take a picture of a little boy throwing in stones kerplunk.

E. Oh, Missa Vila Beck, did you see that stone go in a water plunk?

B. He can throw fine kerplunk.
Now let's go back toward the house.
See! Oscar and Philip have already gone climbing over the fence.

E. I love my brothers.
They are little pieces of shrimp.
They are pills-shrimp.

B. And Cynthia and Rendall come over the pasture, laughing to one another.
They are not afraid of the cows.

E. I'm not afraid of cows that are crean.
These cows are crean.
They are not dirtee.
Their moustaches are crean.

B. There is an owl flying from his hole.

E. He is a barn owl.

B. He sits on a stump.
I see the big house behind him,
The pretty big house with a red chimney.

E. I love my mother!

B. And your daddy.

E. My Daddee went to a Farm Bureau meeting

B. And you love your Grandpa, too.

E. My Grandpa drives the horses.

B. He is coming home from tne field.

E. Missa Vile Beck, wait till I crimb over this fence.
See! I can do it!
An' don't carry the little box,
Let me carry the kwak.

B. It is a kodak, and you may carry it if you wish.
How big the clouds are behind the house
They are blue-gray.

E. The clouds are like mountains
Wiv fevvers on their backs.
They fry over a creamery
An' rain down water on a creamery.

B. This is a nice road.
It winds up to the house.

E. Missa Vila Beck, wait till I crimb this hill!
I can run down.
See what I can do!

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND

They chanced on the fairies' palace one day,—
John, Jennie and Jim, together,
As they came o'er the hills in the new Springtime
In a damp and dripping weather.

Oh, the fairies' palace is modest and brown,
Where it lies at the edge of the valley,
Beyond the bend where the white bells blow,
And the yellow cowslips dally.

The fairy King waited there at the gate:
"Come hither," he called, "and enter;
There's a warm fire built in my counting-room
Where the Princess plays in the center."

Oh, the fairy Queen's eyes were brown and bright,
And she told them wondrous stories
Of the flowers that grow all over the earth
In the Springtime's shining glories.

They have taken their leave of the fairy-folk,
And come home late in the gloaming.
Perhaps someday in a new Spring-time,
They shall find them again in their roaming.

Oh, come with me,
Thou little child
And I'll show thee
A flow'ret wild.

Its heart is gold,
Its petals blue;
A fairy bold
Peeps out into view.

UNIVERSITY

TO MY OAK TREE

Oak tree of mine,
Large-limbed and gray,
Leaning over the stream that flows
Between the banks where grows
The gay nasturtium and the myrtle vine,
I come to thee today,
And sit within thy gracious arms.
Thou art my refuge from alarms,
From failures, and distress
That mar my happiness.
Whene'er I feel of hope bereft
Thou whisperest in thy leaves above,
And say:
"My banner over thee is love
My right hand is about thee; and my left
Is under thy head."

Whene'er the world goes well,
I tell my joys to thee,
And sing my song of praise to Him
Who made both thee and me.
I know not if a hearing ear
Doth dwell within a tree,
But this I feel,—He can hear
Who makes all life to be.
I speak to Him in thee.

AUTUMN RAIN

Last night an autumn rain dropped on the earth.
Today the woods are fragrant with perfume
Of loaming leaves, and honey-essence birth
Of tiny, wild-rose buds called swiftly to bloom;
Of wholesome, cleanly eucalyptus trees;
And pungent, seeding sunflowers in the gloom
Beside the wall: the smell intense of these
Goes to my head like wine. I see a line
Of cattle slowly wind across the leas
And up the path ridged hills, and I divine
They have a joy in wet, brown earth, and air
Of autumn after rain, like that of mine.
All things that are alive rejoice; it were
As if one voice breathed forth: 'The earth is fair!"

TO THE CAPITOLA PILGRIMS

Gladness be with you as you go from us,
Bound for the southland with joy and with singing,
Our love and prayers follow you, going.

Sunshine be with you all through the journey,—
Stretches of poppies red through the windows,
Yellow of mustard splashed on the hillsides,
Blue of the skies, and green of the meadows,
And, at the end, dark blue of the water,
Just where the bay curves in from the ocean.

There, where the waves swing low on the beaches,
Blue in the daylight, white in the moonlight,
Bound by the power of the mighty O'er Ruler,
We pray that an Ocean, mightier, fuller,
May sweep o'er the hearts of you girls there gathered,
May sweep o'er your hearts and lift them Godward,
Filled with the vision flaming and wondrous
Of Him who once walked humbly and lowly,
Of old on the shore with the first disciples,
Breaking the bread and letting His eyes shine
Lovingly, kindly, compellingly, on them.

On your returning, we shall be waiting,
Welcoming you, with the light on your faces,
Glad in your joy, and eager to listen
How the Great Light came shining upon you.
Go! Our prayers shall follow you, going.

RAIN AT THE END OF SUMMER

How can a body study amain—
  When the leaves are clean and dry,
When the hills are grayed by yesterday's rain,
  And there's white and blue in the sky?

Oh, the flowers lift up their freshened heads,
  And the honey-bee hums in the clover,
The baby seeds swell in their dampened beds,
  And we know that Summer is over.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

I

With hearts uplifted we are come
Oh, Kindly Mother, for a space,
With sacrifice of praise;
For thy fair courts have been our home
Of pleasantness these many days,
Each path illumined by the rays
Of that gold lamp thou heldest high always,
"LET THERE BE LIGHT",
The words about its base.
We come with praise
And with a prayer,
That in all days
Its radiance may be there.

II

When first we came,
The Summer's tide had turned,
And on the Library, the ivy burned
In wreaths of reddening flame,
That almost hid the window-panes from view,
And matched in hue
The dully-glowing College halls,
From out the gardens came a faint perfume
Of ferns, and sunflowers bent in ripened bloom;
And passion-flowers swaying from the vines.
Oh, glorious were the eucalyptus trees, and pines,
And gray, old oaks, uplifting fair
Their leaves into the air!
Here was our promised land within these walls,
Where we were full at liberty
To open wide our eyes and see
Whatever lovely things that there might be.

III

Oh, many things there were to learn to know;
To wear away the strangeness of new places;
To find new friends among the passing faces;
And in the bold excitement of new ways,
To lose the home-warm faith of other days.
So many hands to throw in dust
The childhood plant of trust!
The tender plant that freely used to grow
Toward God, believing in His care,
His power to rule, His listening to prayer.
Strange there should come impatience of His aid,
The very child His hand had led
Should turn his back upon the light,
And gazing on his own dark shadow, say:
"I see no God, for all is night."
Yet still, a faint half doubt had made
The heart afraid
To stray too far away;
Perhaps the loving God himself drew nigh
Unto His child within that darkened day;
And held him with some secret tie,
And would not let him go.

IV

For when, among the ivy-green, the flame of red
Unto the topmost turrets far had spread,
And dry the leaves lay piled, and dead,
There came one by,
Who bade us lift the heart and drooping head,
Who took the broken boughs with gentle hands,
And bound them up with bands
Of reverence and obedience to the larger light
Of Understanding Faith, we gloried in the pain,
Trusting in him that he would guide aright;
And with the love
That quickens what it shines above,
Shone on us till we grew again.

V

Then burst the Springtime forth one day,
And all the rounding hills were warmed with green,
That deepened into purple where the streams unseen
Went gurgling down to meet the wide-shore-lapping
bay.
Borne on the ocean-bosom of the sky,
The great white clouds went sailing by,
Dragging their anchor-shadows from on high;
The blue-birds glanced amid the acacias' gold;
And from the pines the yellow pollen broke,
Wafting a fragrance sweet as frankincense of old,
And drifted in the air like incense smoke,
The whole wide earth lay breathing in the light,
And in our hearts, the night
Of doubting pain had passed away;
And peace, and full goodwill had come to stay,
And make a dwelling-place therein alway.

VI

"Let there be light!" first spoke That One in days of
old
And poised in Heaven the burning suns untold.
"Let there be light!" our Alma Mater cries,
Holding aloft her wisdom-light,
Let there be light, till darkness flees away,
And all the earth in glowing sunshine lies!
We, of the young, strong West,
Set on the mountain's breast,
The world's gateway at our feet,
Would give our lives, our strength,
If so be that at length
We might bring to the Perfect Day
The nations of earth complete.
Oh, thou of face benign,
With torches kindled at thy sacred shrine,
We gladly step without these walls of thine,
To scatter far the flame divine;
"Lo, we have seen the Light!"
From every throat shall rise
The song of praise and sacrifice.

ON THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF OUR UNIVERSITY

Between the far bay and the friendly hills,
Among the fields of wheat and rye that grew
Where'er the underbrush was pushed aside
Against the narrow creeks and spreading oaks,
The first brave lovers of our Mother Kind
Built her a home, and there a record placed
Of that first sacramental day when she
Received her name, and that bright-glowing lamp
She since has held so steadily for all
Who cared to come and dwell within her halls.

A half a hundred years ago! And still
Our Kindly Mother is so strong and fair!
And still our eyes turn lovingly to her,
As eyes shall turn, so long as men shall live!
And tho' new feet shall walk within new halls,
And those shall come remembering no more
The dear red buildings overgrown with green,
Their hearts shall beat with loyalty as warm,
Their eyes shall look with loving reverence;
So shall we all be worshippers of her
Who lives to lift us up, and love, and bless.

MORNING CHIMES OF THE CAMPANILE

The chimes of the companile are playing.
Rosy, the white tower rises above the trees.
Faint sunlight touches the curve of the hills.
A silhouette of trees fringes the blue crest of the mountains.
From a tall flag-pole, our flag flutters in an eastern wind.
The trees across the street are sunlit and blown,
Palms swing their arms.
Slender branches of birches stream, winter-stripped.
The silver under-surface of the catalpa's branches show,
The pines have purple shadows.
A blue-jay sways on the top of a cypress
He faces the music of the bells,
When the sound lessens,
He dips to it, urging continuance.
When the chimes ring out,
He listens.

On the path beneath,
Students are hurrying to their classes,
Books under their arms,
Young men and women,
Beginning a new day to the sound of pealing music.
Their hearts are uplifted
To the strong notes ringing to greet them.

The last number draws to its close.
Sunshine has crept glowing this side of the mountain,
Revealing eucalyptus groves,
The yellow Big C on the hill,
The huge white Stadium,
And the white buildings of the campus, with their roofs of red tile.

As the clock strikes the hour of eight,
The blue-jay flies from his concert perch,
Swinging low toward Strawberry Creek
Where red berries gleam from glossy bushes.

THE SLEEPING LADY OF MT. TAMALPAIS

The sun goes down behind the hill,
  Out of the Golden Gate;
And the lady lies all dim and still,—
  Oh, she has long to wait,

Ere the prince shall come with his magic kiss,
  And waken her out of sleep,
To a wondrous ecstasy of bliss,
  There by the Ocean deep.

A VISIT TO MY UNIVERSITY, YEARS AFTER

I have touched the hands of those whom I have
    known long years ago.
I have seen the light within their eyes that made
    my own to glow.
I have heard their voices, dear, revered, that used to
    speak my name,
And they had not forgotten,— through the years,—
    they welcomed when I came.

The old familiar rooms are gone, this room is strange
    and clean, and new,
But out the window flames the Autumn ivy as it used
    to do.
The faces that I see about the table are unknown to
    me,
But in their eyes is that same eagerness in eyes I
    used to see.
And at the head sits one, reserved and fine, I never
    shall forget,
Nor the kind greeting that he gave, as of old friend-
    ship, when we met.

SCHOOL

WALKING TO SCHOOL

Walking to school in the early morning,
Julia and Margery come up the road together.
The sky is blue. The air is fresh and fragrant
In the bright spring weather.
So their young hearts are bright and fresh and fragrant.
A golden light plays over vale and mountain.
The sun's mild rays pour in abundant colors
As from a living foutain.

So glad thoughts issue from their heart's young wellsprings,
Shedding a radiance bright as is the weather,
Julia and Margery in the early morning
Coming up the path together!

MONDAY MORNING

The morning light comes streaming through my window.
Gladly I waken: School-day comes again.
There stands the school house waiting for its people,
Frost on the roof after the week-end's rain.

While I am dressing, I glance through the windows,
Watching the mist along the river's bed.
Cyril and Paul live yonder by the pine-woods,
Hours they've been up and all the stock have fed.

All o'er the valley, boys and girls get ready,
Hurrying through breakfast, hunting up their caps,
Puttng on dresses, leggins, rubbers, sweaters,
Many have started,—some are there perhaps.

As they pass by my house, I hear them talking,
Laughing and joking at a merry rate,
Riding or walking, joyous is their shouting,
I'd better hurry or I will be late.

A WINDOW OPENING ON THE STREET

The people passing by my house
Are lots of company.
My curtains flutter down real low
So that they can't see me.

I see them driving down the road
All day they come and go,
Maybe a grocery wagon comes
Its horses jogging slow,

Or automobiles will whizz past,
There walk some girls in white,
They joke and chatter merrily,
With laughter gay and light.

Sometimes I watch the mountains tall
With colors brown and blue.
At sunset there are streaks of pink
Down to the foothills, too.

Tonight I sat at eventide
And watched the canyons glow.
William caught a glimpse of me and smiled,
And cherrily called, "Hello!"

GOLD-EDGED CLOUDS

The clouds were edged with gold today
Bright gold about the clouds of gray.
I saw them as I walked along,
And in my heart was born a song.
    Just as the clouds are edged with gold,
    So was my heart sad and forlorn.
    Just as the clouds are edged with gold,
    So in my heart is joy untold.
A little thing has power to bless,
And bring to us our happiness.
A kindly word or action done,
May bring bright gold at set of sun.

DESERT WIND

The wind is whistling in my ears,
  And blowing through my hair.
The wind is blowing all the trees,
  It's blowing everywhere.

Some slender clouds are streaming
  Above the crouching hills.
It looks as if the water
  Were blowing up the rills.

  And wide awake tonight.
The very stars are moving
They gaze about with eager eyes
  With twinkling sharp and bright.

Orion goes a hunting:
  His dogs run up the sky.
The Swan along the Milky Way
  Is flying fast and high.

The Pleiades are laughing
  And dancing merrily:
Taurus' eyes are glaring, fierce,
  As they look down at me.

The desert wind is blowing.
  He blows away my care.
My feet are fain for running.
  My eyes are full of hair.

MY EVENING WALK

I like the gray and fragrant night
  That brings the stars and pale moonlight,
The silhouetting of the trees,
  The trills of crickets under these,
The honking geese that northward go,
  We cannot see them from below.

I walk along the country road
  Here is an humble, dark abode;
I think the people are asleep,
  What early hours some people keep—
A farmer's wagon passes me.
  The driver peers, but cannot see
Who this lone personage may be.

  There is my big, gray cottonwood tree!
With great white puffy cotton balls
  From which the cotton all day falls,
And drifts about like flakes of snow
  Whenever any wind may blow.
When night comes, I'd a visitor be
  To my gray snowy cottonwood tree.
Your boughs are friendly over me.

STARS

Whenever in this world I go,
  In whatsoever town,
The very selfsame stars I know
  Are always looking down.

That is why I am so glad
  To have the dear night come.
I do not then feel strange and sad:
  At night, I am at home.

SPRING IN THE DESERT

Spring is here!
Leaves put out on the cottonwoods.
Verbenas trail on the sand.
The air is fragrant from sage-brush vlossoms.
And the mosquitoes come up from the river!
Noche lies asleep in the tall grass.
Noche is the black puppy next door.
Peter is a chicken.
He picks mosquitoes off Noche's nose
As fast as they alight.
His crop gets quite bulgy with them.
The children come to school wrapped in mosquito netting.
Even the men down-town muffle their faces and hands.
They are tiny mosquitoes from the Colorado River.
The red river is swirling and rushing.
La Paz is on its edge,
A deserted town of adobe ruins.
Its graveyard is covered with stones.
Jagged mountains rise around the rim of the valley.
At sunset they look like bunches of lilacs.

SCHOOL

I am thinking tonight of the children
Who sat in my class to-day
With their eager faces uplifted
To listen to all I might say.

I think that to God we are children
Who sit in His school room each day,
And that He watches us growing
And cares what we do and say.

PUERUM PUELLAMQUE

Of a boy and a girl I sing. It is Spring—
That accounts for many a thing.
Not only does green grass grow,
Not only do warm airs blow,
And the haze lies blue on the hills,
And blows up the canyons, and fills
The far dim hollows with magic and glow,
And mingles its blue with the clouds lying low.
While the sun shines on each thing,
But Spring stirs inside.
The windows are opened wide,
And the boy over there
At his desk, only seems
To be thinking of adverbs and nouns:
For his brown eyes, lingering, lie
On the yellow hair of the girl nearby.
He dreams,
And the bees' dull buzzing drowns
The sound of the teacher's voice.

2

What into his musing came?
The teacher has called him by name.
Shall he not rejoice
In his deepening voice?
T'was a boy's voice not long ago,
Now a man's voice vibrant and low,
And he likes to hear how it sounds,
The rich, slow swing of the sentence that rounds,
And proudly comes to its close.
He had glanced at the girl as he rose,
Now shyly he glances aside,
She approves, and she smiles,
The girl with the yellow hair,
And the blue plaid dress flowing wide,
A calm, demure smile,
That sets his heart beating the while.
How lovely she is, the long lashes that sink
Over the cheek's faint pink:
The lips full red,
And leaning tilt of her head:
The neck's smooth whiteness;

The brown eyes' brightness,
And the soft, shining curves of her hair.
She is sweet, she is fair.
Of late a new strength he has felt;
In a year he has grown tall and straight;
He has looked in the mirror and knows
That his eyes are hazel-brown
And good to look upon
And a new light is shining there;
And his chin has grown more square.
And there's a wave at one side of his hair
And it looks nice there!

3

The sun is high in the sky.
He is warm in his mackinaw blue and brown
But he thinks he looks well with it on,
With its thick, turn-down collar its pockets and belt,
And rather than take it off, he would melt!
Can that be the bell?
Well! How time flies!
A period gone so soon?
And now it is noon!
When he gets through with lunch it may be
He will saunter down towards town,
And when she comes back from her lunch
With the merry bunch
Of light hearted girls, care-free,
He will walk along by her side,
Adapting his longer stride
To her shorter footsteps, and he
Will laugh and chat with the rest,
And catch the dancing gleam from her eyes.

4

Oh, this is the season blest!
Life is magical, dreamy, bright,
Like the light that rests on the haze.
Life is full of golden days.
It is Spring,
The joyous Springtime of gladness and youth
Now, in truth
The sun shines on each thing!

THE LILIES OF COVELO

How lovely the lillies are!
Creamy-white with pale-green blade-like leaves,
Lifting fair faces to the sunlight from damp hollows.
The children gather handfuls of them.
They call them Easter lilies.
They grow in clumps under the pine-trees,
Their shining heads are uplifted in a flock of gleaming petals,
Sunny and delicate
The butterflies poised for flight.
The red bells are tall-stalked and flaming red.
They hang their heads,
Several on a stalk.
The light shows through them.

There is a new flower to me:
The Cat's Ear,
Which is three-petalled, gray-blue,
And has fine fur within.

FLORENCE AND HER SONG

I was sitting in a hollow,
Picking tall damp lilies,
When Florence sang her Easter song for me.
She had on a short-waisted white dress,
And a straw hat with streamers.
She held lilies.
The sun came through the firs,
And shone upon her as she sang:
"Hallelulia, Christ is risen.
He has shed His blood for you and me.
Hallelulia, Christ is risen,
He has died to set me free."

BETTY'S KITTENS

This is me with Betty's kittens.
Winston took the snap the day
That I paid my farewell visit
Just before I came away.
In the evening, after teaching,
I would climb to Mrs. Oakes,
Just to see the precious kittens,
And of course to see the folks.
Golden, black, or mixed, or silver,
Betty's kittens all are sweet,
Full of winsome, playful movements
From their ear-tips to their feet.
Shining memories, those moments,
Which I spent at Mrs. Oakes,
Playing with the darling kittens,
Talking with the friendly folks.

CLOSED GATES

I dreamed I climbed a country road.
The day was growing late.
White houses stood along the street
I turned to try a gate.
When quietly One whom I knew
Closed it and shut it fast.
He walked beside me as I went
The rows of houses past.
I tried again, and yet again.
No word He spoke, but still
He closed each gate I would go in.
I had to climb the hill.
I do not know what was the end.
When I awoke, it seemed
This was an emblem of my days:
The road of which I dreamed
Is my life's road, unknown and steep.
The gates I fain would ope
Are things that I would like to do.
I may not. But I hope
The One I know will walk with me
Although the light grows dim,
And though I know not where I go,
Yet I can trust to him.

GOODBYE!

Well, Goodbye!
We've been long together.
Mostly sunshine,-sometimes stormy weather,
Never mind,
Thats past.
Lets hold fast
What was good and what was kind.
Every gentle helping word
That we heard.
Every friendly glance of eyes
Let us prize.
Let's keep every happy laughing thing
And let the others go,
That so
The memory of the days we've been together
May bring
More of balm than sting.
More of happiness than pain.

We don't know whether
We shall ever meet again.
Maybe in some Heaven-land
We'll greet each other with a welcoming hand.
Well, Goodbye! Goodbye!
For the year that's new
I wish this happy thing for you:
A teacher who is wise and pretty too.

SUMMER SCHOOL AT THE SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

Summer-School is a frenzied thing,
We have so much to do.
From daybreak until dark we work,
And in the evening, too.

We hardly stop to eat or breathe
Or take an hour's sleep
Because we have to go so fast
The daily pace to keep.

Before we came, we had it planned
That we would see the sights.
Throughout the daytime we would work
And gallivant at nights.

On Saturdays and Sundays we
Would do our journeying 'round,
Alas! Such jaunts about the place
Are not what we have found.

Mornings, my class is in Design,
My teacher, Mrs. West.
She starts at nine and hurries us
And lets us have no rest.

We haste until eleven o'clock
We do not get all done,
When: "On the board please pin your plates!"
Then comes the final run.

"What! All the plates not on the wall!
You people make me weep!"
Says Mrs. West, "I am afraid
You took some hours to sleep."

"Now, Number One. Too many spots
And no big space I see.
You seem to cut your areas
In two, religiously .

"The next. To see such well-planned space,
Is really quite a boon.
I wish that you would overcome
Your passion for maroon.

"The third. Your bubbles are too small.
Your sea could have more hump.
And don't you feel your fish are placed
Where they are sure to bump?"

And so she criticizes each
Both wittily and well.
It keeps us guessing. What she'll say
A prophet could not tell.

She is quite gentle with my work.
And merciful, I know.
Perhaps she knows how hard I try.
I am so very slow.

"Now, I'll assign you Monday's plate,
Two plates, I'd better say.
Tomorrow is July the Fourth.
You'll have an extra day."

The only time that we can rest
Is afternoons in class.
We sit before our easels tall,—
The pleasant hours pass.

Our teacher is so kind and good
He tells us we improve.
We have fresh air and when we wish
We may get up and move.

Our models sit out in the sun,
And get quite red, and burn,
They put cold cream and powder on
Before to tan they turn.

We draw with charcoal, crayon, chalk
And some may paint with oil.
To learn the artist's trade we are
Content to greatly toil.

Some of us have a strange conceit
Which puzzles Mr. Nahl
In six week's time we think that we
Can get to learn it all.

One day we had a picnic here
And had a real nice lunch
We laughed and talked and told some jokes,
And got to know the bunch.

There is a little dog that comes
With Mr. Nahl's niece.
His name is Chin. He is a Peke
And he does not have fleas.

One day a black dog was there, too.
He barked at all who came
After the class began, and Chin
Did valiantly the same.

A Texas lady sits near me.
She dreads to draw a man.
"I look at him," she shyly says,
"As little as I can."

Mr. Marshall does the best.
He screws one eye up tight.
He dabs the paint on here and there.
And works with main and might.

Sometimes the boys or girls go
And get fruit they have seen.
I fear the apples hurt their health,
They are so very green.

We work real hard through the pose,
And do our very best.
But in between we talk and joke,
And have a jovial rest.

And when our time is up at four,
We leave our work behind.
We do not have to take it home
And keep it on our mind.

Oh dear! I wish that four would come!
My stomach feels so bad..
Because at noon I clear forgot
To eat the lunch I had.

I hurried home from class at twelve
And put my soup to heat.
It got too hot,—I set it off,
And then forgot to eat.

Because I had a plate to do
And worked a while at that
Then saw the street-car come, and ran,
And grabbed up purse and hat.

My soup is on the stove at home
How empty do I feel!
I only wish that I had stopped
To have a little meal.

Oh, Mrs Schofield, would that you
Had brought peanuts today,
For then I might hold out and keep
Starvation yet at bay.

I thank her kindly. Mrs Light
Has brought me home at last,
Within her generous car. And now
I've eaten my repast.

Now I must start on my next plate
To do it by daylight.
Some of them say they work till twelve.
And some, they work all night.

The final day has come at last
We're here at half-past eight.
And Mrs. Meyer has lit the fire.
To warm us while we wait.

This is the first day we've had time
To stop and look around.
Selected plates are on the wall,
The visitors abound.

We didn't have to do this plate
But most of us, I see
Have pinned a plate on the back wall,
And Mrs. Bunting three.

"I think your work looks very nice,"
Surprised, says Mrs. West.
"You have indeed, worked very hard.
And well deserve a rest."

Of course, it's good for us to know
The things that we have learned.
But, oh, indeed, I feel quite sure,
Our credits we have earned.

And now the end has come at last.
Farewell, oh, Mr. Nahl,
And Mrs. Meyer and Mrs. West,
And fellow-students all.

LUNCH HOUR AT SWEETWATER UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Groups of girls rest on the lawn at the side of the school house.
Sea-gulls wheel over the school grounds and make gray shadows on the walls of the buildings.
Blackbirds splash in a narrow pool left by the rain.
A meadow-lark calls from the cross-bar of a goal,
Then lifts his yellow-breast and wings against the wind.

Myriads of yellow butterflies are flying away from the sun.
A bush with purple blossoms is thronged by them, and by bees.
Starry blossoms lie on the ground.

Wild oats billow in vacant fields.
Little houses have gay gardens.
An old-fashioned house towers beside a valley,
And looks down toward the bay and Point Loma
And the Coronado Islands away off on the rim of the ocean.

In the meadow that leads under the bridge,
Cows gravely crop the short green grass.
Beyond a row of eucalyptus trees,
San Miguel arises blue and benign
With small white clouds floating over him.

In the athletic field boys are playing different games.

Down the road come Edna and Byrdene.
They are pulling wild oats to make whistles.
I join them, and we walk back together.

OH, WHO CAN TELL A MAIDEN'S THOUGHTS?

Oh, who can tell a maiden's thoughts?
Her gaze is on the skies:
There is no shadow on their blue,
But only pure white clouds
With infinite promise of the May,
A glory in them lies,
The tender radiance of the morn
When life is new.

Oh, who can tell a maiden's thoughts?
The door that stands ajar
Is entrance to dear, friendly things,—
School-books and boys and girls,
And teachers' eyes that are as lights,
Guiding one on afar
To truth and wisdom, righteousness,
And wonderings.

Oh, who can tell a maiden's thoughts?
Her eyes are filled with dreams.
Love comes, from out the distance sent.
Full fair and strong is he:
And though his coming long delay,
A little while it seems
Till life shall bring to her glad joy
And fulfillment.

HOME FOLKS' VERSES

GRANDMOTHER

Don't you love old faces?
Gentle faces, like Grandmother's
With blue eyes, and slightly hooked nose, and low-drooping mouth,
Her hair is brown on top,
Hardly touched with gray,
Parted in the middle and drawn to a knot in the back.
Over the ears it is snowy white and curly.
She wears side combs, and a high comb in back.

Don't you love old people?
Grandmother's hands are bony.
They are responsive to mine.
Her voice is bird-like with a lilt to it when she sings.
It breaks sometimes on the high notes,
I do not like to hear Grandmother cry.
But she does, sometimes, when she is in pain.

She is patient in suffering.
She has love and patience and long suffering
To her children and grandchildren, and their children.
There is always something good she can say about each one.
Grandmother holds us together.
She is frail,
But a strong link to bind us to each other.

VIOLET
BECK

THE YEW AND THE PALM TREE

By The Old Homeplace

A slender yew tree leans on the palm that stands by the old home place.
One branch projects,—but we like it to,— as with wrinkles on some dear face,
They belong,—we are used to them, love them there.
So the two trees stand entwined,
Bearing together the valley's sun, its fog, its frost, and its wind.

Aunt Lydia says that they make her think of a husband protecting a wife.
She thinks Grandfather is like the palm, bearing the burden of life;
With his work, and planning and tender care, shielding from dangers and harms
Grandmother, who is like the yew, leaning upon his arms.

HOME FOLKS BOOK

Sometimes I feel as if I were walking in the midst of a book.
There are meadows and mountains,
Orchards and vineyards,
Old-fashioned houses and lovers' lanes.
I hear the voices of children,
The lullabies of mothers,
The hymns of family-worship.
At times, the notes sink low in sadness,
But there is an underlying melody of hope that grows into exaltation.
There are joyous people,
There are those whose steps are slow.
All are dear to me,—
They are my homefolks.
It is wonderful to be alive,
One of the characters in this book.

THE HOMEPLACE

Our feet go in and out its doors forevermore.

There are orchards and meadows,
Old fashioned houses and lovers' lanes.

I hear the voices of children,
The lullabies of mothers.

There are joyous people,
There are those whose steps are slow.

All are dear to me, they are my homefolks.

Friends.

Friends.

Friends.

We talk of old times when loved ones lived near.

How happy old times from a distance appear!

At Aunt Lydia's House,—what a wonderful place!

AT AUNT LYDIA'S HOUSE

"At Aunt Lydia's house"—what a wonderful phrase!
We shall not forget it the length of our days:
The good times we've had there, the good times when
We hope to be at Aunt Lydia's again.
The big white house on North Avenue,—
What a thrill goes through us when it comes into view!
The roof of the house shining out through the trees,
Umbrella, olives and palms above these.
As we approach, we see oleanders in bloom
The sunflowers, roses, waft us perfume.

Under the shade by the porch we drive,
Eagerly looking for some-one alive.
How gladly we see Aunt Lydia appear!
How welcome her greeting: "Well, who comes here?"
Uncle Harry comes quickly from somewhere within,
Hospitably urging: "Well, won't you come in?"
We will. It is what we have come for. And so,
Into the big sitting room we all go.

Ralph has been barefooted, reading the news,
Upstairs he hurries, to put on his shoes.
Thence he descends. Is there a child?
He teases, torments it, until it is wild.
The children all know him—I cannot see why
They linger about if they don't want to cry.
Dorothy, afraid at the cellar he might look,
Implores him; "Walf do inside an 'wead a book."
Once he climbed down and called for her aid;
That he'll get down again she is always afraid.

Says Uncle Harry: "Let's have a game."
The men-folks respond: "We say the same."
So they get the cards out and sit at the table.
Let anyone get them to talk who is able.
Not so with the women-folk; willingly they
Start in to visit, with plenty to say:
A new baby's name, a pattern to lend,
They keep on a-talking without any end.
Until the men, bothered by feminine chatter,
Betake themselves outdoors—what does it matter?
We can talk the more freely, or watch Ethel's baby,
Who can pull himself up by a stool, and maybe
He'll be cutting some teeth in a little while.
Isn't he the darling? See his sweet smile!

Along come more people. Last Sunday there were
Twenty at Aunt Lydia's, not counting her.
How joyously did we assist with the cooking:
Peeling and chopping, and mashing, and looking
To see if the roast in the oven were done.
Many cooks with glad spirits can have lots of fun.

We ate at the table in the big dining-room.
What good things there were for those who had come!
Aunt Lydia's mashed potatoes are best in the land;
With newly-made butter, they are certainly grand.
And her cold-slaw, with lemon and sugar and cream,
And fresh-roasted pork which surely does seem
The juiciest, brownest, the richest, the best
That anyone ever could eat—All the rest

I cannot enumerate now—but her cake,
Her pale-golden nut cake—I cannot but take
A moment or two its praises to sing.
Have we a reunion?—the question will ring:
"Did Aunt Lydia bring a nut-cake today?
And when it appears, we holler: "Hooray!"
Its frosting is yellow, with nuts stuck around.
Inside it is yellow—but who ever found
Words fit to describe it? We needs must forsake
Our efforts to tell of Aunt Lydia's cake.

We linger awhile o'er the table and tell
Of trips to the mountains and what there befell.
Or we talk of old times when the home-folks lived near—
How happy old times from a distance appear.

In the midst of our stories, Marie comes in haste:
Dorothy has rubbed on her head Ralph's tooth-paste.
She answers Lalie's maternal despair:
"I wanted to put sumpin' on my hair."

At last we get up and put back the chairs,
And the men trail outside, on the porch, down the stairs—
Uncle Gordy stays on a bench outside smoking.
We can hear the rest of them laughing and joking.
Dog Bruce from the scraps off the table is fed.
Dorothy pats his back and his head.
We womenfolk help with the dishes and then
We sit on the porch and visit again.
Maybe a letter Aunt Lydia will read
Or she'll want her head combed—a strange custom indeed
But it runs in our family. So Aunt Flora E.
Sits and combs Aunt Lydia's hair faithfully.
Or they take turns about and Aunt Flora reads
Letters aloud of the thoughts and the deeds
Of those far away who yet are quite near
In the love and affection of home-folks dear.

Back and forth run the children, playing this thing
and that;
Damp as to clothes where in water they sat.
Hilariously wading in ditch or in trough;
Climbing the trees and then climbing off;
Making believe they drive into town,
In the old top-buggy, with age sagging down;
Building mud castles in the umbrella tree's shade;
And shoutingly tumbling the castles they'd made.
Two little Jap children from a neighboring farm
Come over and watch them—what is the harm?
Sonny, Brother and Dorothy find lathes by the shed.
On fine hobby-horses they prance and they tread.

What wonderful times for the children are these
To play with their cousins 'neath umbrella trees!
What precious times also for those older grown!
How we shall treasure each hour we have known
At Aunt Lydia's house, in the days to come!
She has made of it a beautiful home.
Her lovely spirit has filled it with grace.
A blessing she lays on the whole roomy place,
Without her, what lack, desolation, and woe!
What if we knew that we never could go
To see her dear face, to call her by name!
It would feel as if life could be never the same.

Uncle Harry, meanwhile, has made lemonade
From fresh water that Ralph brings into the shade.
From the cooler a melon Oliver brings out
You should see the children cluster about:
Bruce eats watermelon from Gordy's hand.
We all are a thirsty and grateful band.
Seymour has come from the homeplace awhile
And is captured by Eugene's lovable smile.
Ruth holds the baby; Seymour holds his hands.
How quickly a baby can weave love-bands!
Myers in the background smiles at the three;
Love for babies is in our family.

The air has grown cooler. Let's look at the flowers.
Madera vines, rose-bushes make shady bowers.
Pale-green are the lilac-leaves, trumpet-flowers are golden.
They remind us of times that are precious and olden.
Dear Grandmother wants to have a boquet
Of sweet smelling flowers to carry away.
She smells of the roses, the oleanders white,
And the St. Joseph's lily, Aunt Lydia's delight.
How Grandmother loves the fragrance of flowers!

Her sense of smell is keener than ours.
"How pretty Grandmother looks,"I say.
She is pretty,now all of us think
"They said I was pretty when I was young."
—Grandmother always is modest in tongue—
She blushes and turns her head away.
With her sweet blue eyes and her cheeks of pink.
A flower among the flowers she stands.
Holding her flowers clasped in her hands.

The hours have flown by and sunset has come.
It is time we were started and on our way home.
We must gather the children and wash off their faces
And hunt Dorothy's shoes in out-of-way places.
For how can one play without bare feet?
That is what made the day's joy complete.
"Hurry up!" calls Aunt Flora. Though late is the hour.
Edith wants one pink holly-hock flower,
Ruby must put a clean suit on Brother,—
He could not stop in town with the other.
Dear little Sonny's loving heart
Bewails that from Dorothy he must part.
Where the sun through the olive-trees slants with its gold,
His innocent arms her shoulders enfold.
Life goes so swiftly,—would God it could stay,
The heavenly happiness of this glad day.

At last, all are in their cars ready to go.
The sun o'er the vineyards is shining low.
"Goodbye!" "Goodbye! Come to see us, too."
"We will when we can. Good-luck to you!"

Gently the twilight comes down
Oven the soft brown
Of the vineyard. Quietly the breeze
Blows through the cottonwood-trees,
While, from a poplar-tree, the song
Of a mocking-bird mingles our prayers amng.
Peoceful is the rest
Of the Sabbath night.
On the Father's breast,
Carefree we rest,
Tili the light of the Sabbath morn
Dawns over the mountain's snow.
Then, in the heart of the morning glow,
Once more is born
The hope of a Saviour who will come
In a cloud from the eastern sky,
To gather us up on high—
Us, and the dear loved ones who rest
In the little cemetery's breast.

THE SABBATH DAY

I. Evening and Morning

Long rays of sunshine over the green
Of the orchard; hurrying to get things done
While yet in the sky is the gold of the sun:
And, at the close of the preparation day,
The gathering at worship, to sing and to pray.
Unto the Father we will seek,
For "Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way."

He will bring us to our heavenly home.
Eager the eyes which look for Him,
Their hope undim.
He will come in an hour that we know not of.
Let us watch and pray, and look above.
After the long, long tarrying time,
When the clock of the universe strikes the hour,
The Son of God will come with power,
With His holy angels.
Grant that we may be ready and fit to dwell with Thee!

THE RIDE TO CHURCH

The long, long ride
By the hay-fields stretching green and wide:
By the winding stream
Where the water's gleam
Is broken by bending, swaying reeds.
Here, where the wide canal leads
Through the bushes,
In clear blue swirls and rushes,
On Sabbath last,
Seven souls through baptism passed.
We gathered upon the shore
To sing when they rose from the water once more:
"I will follow Thee, Lord Jesus,
Whereso'er Thy lot may be,
And tho all men should forsake Thee,
Yet I still will follow Thee."
Buried in Christ! From sin's dark night
To rise anew and walk in the light
Of Him who in the grave had lain,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
Buried in Christ, but alive in Him!
And my lips breathed prayer and my eyes were dim
For the sake of my cousin. Saviour mild,
Guard the soul of this new-born child.
Teach her to walk the ways she should;
Help her, dear Jesus, to be good.

THE SERMON

The sermon! Have you ever heard
Of the beasts of the prophets? Wondrous things,
With heads and horns and feet and wings;
Half a one animal, half a one bird,
Half a one lion, half a one man—
Imagine all combinations you can.
There's a ram which does not touch the ground,
And a dragon never on earth to be found—
Such wonderful creatures in Daniel abound.
They symbolize kingdoms which rise and fall.
There are stars which fall on a certain night,
And the moon, tho full, did not give her light.

There are wars, and earthquakes, and plagues last
of all,
And other signs to tell us when
Messiah will come again.
Then woe to the sinner, wicked and wild,
Who has rejected the love of the Saviour mild!
He will call on the mountains to bury him;
But the eyes of the judges are not dim—
Judgment is meted out to him.
Satan, that wicked one, shall be bound
And cast in a bottomless pit in the ground!
But those who have loved the Saviour good,
And have done to others as they should—
Have succored the orphans, lent to the poor,
And have turned none needy from their door—
Will recieve their reward
At the hands of the Lord.
"Inasmuch as ye did it to these," He will say,
"Ye have done it to Me. Let these come this way."
A sheep or a goat—which will you or I be,
When the judgment shall be pronounced finally?

Dear Lord, unto Thee, unto Thee, in all truth,
We would come in the days of our youth,
Ere the dark days come and we know not where
There is rest for the soul.
Thou art sweet; Thou art fair.
Not out of fear, O, not out of fear
Do we turn to Thee here;
But because we love Thee we come to Thee,
In sincerity;
Because Thou hast loved us, and died to bless,
And bring unto us our happiness.

THE AFTERNOON

How sweet is the midday air!
The waving trees by the road how fair!
Jesus hath come, and with kind control,
Hath rested the soul.
The heart may forget
Its fret.
It is Sabbath day!

The long hours of the afternoon
Pass too soon.
I will go a while apart
And commune with mine own heart.
By the line of poplars, tall and free.
Is the little family cemetery,
Where grandfather lies,
And the babies who never opened their eyes,
And the gentle one, patient and fair,
With mild blue eyes and snow-white hair.
This is where Aunt Nettie lies,
"Quietly awaiting the resurrection,
When our loved one shall come forth
To receive the crown of glory,
Awaiting her on that glad morning."
Here is the lamb of stone
Which the children claim their own.
They do not know
Of the lad who lies below.
They pat its back and smooth white head.
They do not remember the others who lie here dead.
What can the living know of death?
To breathe no more the warm, sweet breath
Of the spring day;
No more to say,
"The light is fair
And golden where
"Its gleams rest on the stream."
No more to look above and say,
"The sky is blue,
And a bird cleaves its clearness through."
No more to say:
"The sunbeams slant from the west,
On the poplars quivering leaf by leaf.
Know they aught of sorrow and grief?
Soon will come pleasant night
With its rest
And its relief."
Yes, night has come to these,
Lying in their beds under the trees;
Sweet night, where there is no more pain,
No more pain!
And Jesus will come again.
Yes, Jesus will come again.

After the long, long rest of the night
There will come the morning light,
Anl loved ones will know each other again.

EVENING WORSHIP

The Sabbath is almost done,
With the golden rays of the setting sun
Streaming through windows opened wide.
By the organ's side
Let us gather in loving throng,
And sing from our "Christ in Song."
Let us sing about God's Love,
The story we never are weary of.
"I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love."

Perhaps, in the city heavenly,
Our Jesus we shall see.
In the holy place,
We shall see His beautiful face,
On a sacred day
That will never pass away.

As Twilight comes down over the fields,
Once more let us kneel and pray,
With a love that yields
Thanks unto God for the rest and peace of the day.

Dear loved ones, with a simple trust and sweet
Kneeling at Jesus' feet!
Steadfast and calm the lives in God's control.
Through the storm's distress,
They may anchor deep the soul
In the One who has power to bless.

When away where the world does not understand,
I know that loved ones pray
That my soul may stay
In the hollow of God's hand.
God bless the dear ones who keep Sabbath day!

AUNT FLORA

Oleanders in bloom:
Velvety-white and sweet,
Bearing a faint perfume
Through the summer's dazzling heat.

Trumpet-flowers are these:
You may not hear their song,
But delicate melodies
To their golden throats belong

Than oleanders more fair,
Richer in cheer and light,
Thy fragrance of soul more rare
All year thou art our delight.

And thine heart's deep melody
Brings gladness to our dark hours
Joy shines more brightly from thee
Than from golden trumpet flowers.

AUNT FLORA E.

Beauty of soul is hers:
It shines in her lovely face,
In her blue eyes, smiling and sweet
That never search for the ill
But find out the hidden good;
In her lips that speak pleasant words
And are kind and friendly to all;
In the golden lights of her hair,
Soft, and curly, and brown;
It shines in her slender form,
Graceful, swift to do good.

Youth of soul is hers:
Ever her spirit is young.
Though the years may come and go,
Bringing their sorrow and pain,
Her soul is eager and young.
I think of an apple tree
In the blossom time of Spring,
Sunlight on the petals pink,
Wild birds in the leaves of green,
Billowy fragrance and light
Mingled with music in one;—
Ever eternal spring dwells in her spirit fair.

Her babies have come,—some have grown,
And one has a little child:
But she is as young in heart
As a maiden in life's new Spring.

She is lovely and beautiful:
Loving all lovely things,
Treasuring happiness,
Bearing an aura of light
Whithersoever she moves.

However humble her home,
Warmth and gladness are there.
Children are happy and gay
In the light of her countenance.
Older people take heart.
Courage anew springs up:
It is kindled by her brave cheer.

I think of her now as she stood
In a simple white summer dress
Under the oleander bush
With trumpet-flowers one side:
Slender and fair and sweet,
The light of the sun on her hair,
Our beautiful Aunt Flora E.

Like a sweet, sweet song in the heart
Is the precious thought of her.
To me as a little child
Lilting and bright it comes:
And ever since through the years
Present or absent she sings,
A song of beautiful thoughts,
Of delicate ecstacies,
Of love and devotion and faith,
Of helpful deeds and ways.

And she sings unto other hearts,
All the homefolks love her, too,
Who can tell all the joy
All the gladness her song has brought?
And on and on it will sing
Always for good and cheer—
It shall never cease to sing.

For the lovely song that you are,
We thank you, Aunt Flora E.

MY UNCLE PHIL'S GARDEN

My Uncle Phil has such a pretty garden!
  He works in it, morning and night.
Every time of year, flowers are blooming in it.
  To think of it, is a delight.

White catalpa flowers bloom in the Springtime,
  On the trees that stand next the road.
Sweet clover grows in the lawn midst the grasses,
  The lawn is kept green and well-mowed.

Oleanders, trumpet-flowers, holly-hocks are growing there;
  Violets in a bed at the side
Peach-trees, acacias, flowering almonds,
  An umbrella-tree in back, spreading wide.

Uncle Phil is hoeing the weeds in the pathway,
  By the side-porch where the shell-roses grow.
His garden-gloves lie at one side of the stair-way:
  What they are, the white cat wants to know!

A SONG OF FAMILY WORSHIP

There's a song in my heart that will never grow old,
A song I learned long ago.
As we gathered in worship at morning and eve
In the warmth of the fireside's bright glow.
Chorus: Oh, the joy of meeting in morning's fresh hours
To ask the help of the Lord of the day:
And the comfort of kneeling before the night's slumber
To the Lord of the darkness to pray.

This song is a melody made up of songs,
Old hymns woven into the air:
There's the "Font of Blessing" and "Oh, Beulah Land,"
"Happy Day", and the "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

I can hear the deep voice of my uncle read now
From the Bible he holds on his knee:
The wise sayings of prophets, or David's sweet psalms,
Or the words of our Lord meant for me.

Then we knelt by the fireside and each one would pray
How my uncle praised God greatly then!
And always for patience he asked for the race
Set before us, ere he said the Amen.

Life has brought griefs and gladnesses to me since then,
Still the melody rings sweet and low,
Old hymns woven close in a dear song of peace:
Songs I learned by the fireside's bright glow.

FRUITFUL BRANCHES

I found beauty in a vineyard today.
Lying on my back resting,
While Uncle Judah went for more boxes,
I looked beyond my arms,—
Thrown across my eyes for shelter,—
And saw an exquisitely blue sky,
Glowingly blue,
And against it a twig of grape-vine,
Leaves yellow in the sunlight,
Blue-green in the shadow.
And I said:
"God, how beautiful is that piece of sky!
How rich are those leaves against it!
I'm glad you had me pick grapes today.
If I hadn't, I'd have missed this flash of beauty."

Then I heard Uncle Judah coming with the truck,
And saw Moses, the horse, coming down the row,
So I hurried to be getting some grapes ready.
Right there, in that patch, the grapes were thick,
Full of juice, heavy, unspotted, pale green,—
Perfect Malagas, ripe for the picking,
Growing best when the leaves were thickest,
Broad green leaves, intermixed with russet.

I'd been feeling sorry for the spindling vines:
Poor thin things, almost starved for water,
Yet contributing their little dried-up bunches.
Of the parable of the vines I thought:
Jesus was the vine, we were the branches,
And we could not bear good fruit
Except we abode in Him.
What was the water that nourished the vines?
What made some people bring forth more fruit than others?
When we tried so hard, oft-times our grapes were thin and straggly.
And sometimes, when we just were resting,
Good fruit was there, to do men service.

The boxes were all filled.
It was sunset.
A mellow light shone over everything.
The vines deepened with Thanksgiving colors,
Beneath them, lay the earth, red-brown.
Beyond them, stretched the hills, in a half-circle,
Rosy with lavender,
Streaked with dull-blue of sage-brush.
In a high hollow of them
Gleamed faint white of snow-capped mountains,
Scarcely discernible against a yellowing sky.
Uncle Judah's house with its companion poplars
Took the broadside of the last faint ray:
A small brown house with gold-green about it,
Bright, content and sparkling now
As one whose heart is lit,
A modest home, but they who dwell within it,—
Uncle Judah, Aunt Salema, and Hester,
Are people who are salt of the earth,
Bearing a beacon that cannot be hid,
Fruitful unto all good works,
Kind, forgiving, thoughtful of the needy,
Patient in tribulation,
Faithful to truth as they see it,
Giving of labor, of their own need, to God's service.
They are vines, bearing abundant harvest,
Nourished by constant contact with the Source of Food:
They are fruitful branches, abiding in Christ.

Epilogue

Hester, in a blue dress, came down the road from school,
Her lunch-basket in one hand, books in the other.
I went to meet her and we walked home together.
Freddie, the neighbor boy, rode around us on his bicycle,
Teasing Hester.
Coaster, his dog, ran after him,—
His black and white fur showed in the twilight.

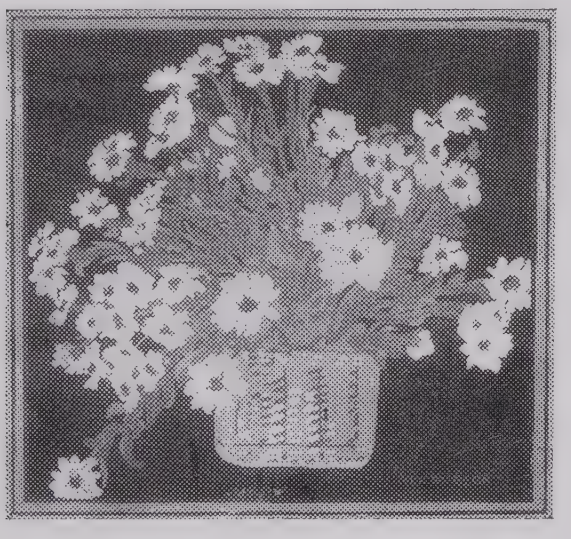
When we reached the house,
Aunt Salema had supper ready,
With a lamp lit on the table.
Pretty soon, Uncle Judah came in from milking.
He poured milk into a pan for the kittens.
When he had washed, we sat down to supper.
Uncle Judah said the blessing,
It had been a busy day,
And we were all tired.
But there had been more grapes than expected
And it was well they were picked before frost.
And the money would come before Harvest Ingathering.

The supper dishes were done.
Aunt Salema helped Hester get her lessons.
Then Hester put her dolls to bed:
"Mamma!" "Hush!" "Mamma!" "Hush!—"
Hester's heart is motherly.—

Before they went to bed, they had Evening Worship.
Aunt Salema read from the Bible.
Then they knelt by their chairs,
Praying for loved ones near and far,
But especially for Paul their son,
At work in the city.

That is the reason they are rich in blessing.
They turn to God in the morning, at noon, and at night.
He is their vine.
They are friutful branches.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES



FLOWERS BY THE SICK BED

Flowers are comforts: "We bend down above wou.
People have sent us to say that they love you,
Roses, carnations, sweet peas, and daises,
Gay in their vases,—"Flowers give praises,
Little sick one. See, we stand by your bed.
Shall you not also lift up your head?
Glorify Him who is watching above you,
Say you are thankful for all who may love you?"

GOLDEN ROD

Golden-rod by the stream,
Plumes of gold,
Bending with memories
Of days of old.

Days of the childhood time
When little feet
Strayed 'neath the golden-rod,
Pungent sweet.

Where the waters murmured low,
'Neath the poplar tree
And above was a mocking bird
Carolling free.

Now, in the after-time
In the golden glow,
I glimpse the glory bright
Of long ago.

Golden-rod by the stream,
Golden-rod
Bringing me back again,
Back to God.

PATIENCE AND PEACE, AND LOVE

"Patience, and Peace and Love."
Came drifting through the long, slow dream of pain,
With every touch of loving hand,
Or sound of voice that reached my aching brain,
And through the dim hours of the night,
In constant pulse there throbbed the low refrain,
"Patience, and Peace, and Love."

SHELTER

The night comes on, and I cannot tell
What things in the darkness move;
Let me hide myself, like a frightened child
In the folds of God's sheltering love.

THE COMFORTER

When restless with the thoughts of day,
I lie upon my bed,
One, mother-swift, draws silent, nigh,
And kneels beside my head.

And sings, in gentle tones and mild,
A song of comfort deep,
Till, soothed like a weary child,
I fall at last on sleep.

STRUGGLE

Yes, there is Life here, and Death.
Problems that strain the last taut inch of strength
In the soul.
We dare not shrink,
Or there will slip beyond the grasp's control
All we have labored for with gasping breath.

We struggle for the right,
This be the link
That binds us with an unrelaxing might
Unto the fight.

WAITING

I know not the hour when the Master may come
Into my waiting heart;
But I will keep watching,
That when He does come,
He may not, unwelcomed, depart.
(*Chorus.*)
He has promised He will visit me,
He will come into my home;
Though the day grow dark and dreary,
Yet I'm sure that He will come.

I think I shall hear His light step on the stair,
E'er He knocks at my lowly door;
I will say: "Enter in, my Lord and my God!
I have waited,—Oh, stay evermore!"

I think He will lay His dear hand on my head
With a calm and gentle grace;
And my heart will be filled with a wonderful peace,
As I look on His lovely face.

GOD SENDS HIS SAVIOURS

God sends His saviours to His human world.
Touched on the forehead by His flaming hand,
Thenceforth there glows such power of saving light
From out their eyes,, the place grows luminous
Where e'er they move; and what before had been
A thing of dread, loses its bitterness,
And, lo, seen through their eyes, becomes a glass
Wherethrough we may behold the face of God!

Without their help, our weary feet would slip;
And our hands slacken in their hold on hope.
But with their hands to reach and grasp our own;
And with their lips to bid us: "Rise, and walk!"
There comes such power and glory in the world,
All things we would attempt, for them, and God;
Service becomes a precious privelege;
And love, a glad and eager gift, whereby
We render what we can of gratitude.

THE GIFT OF BLESSING

In the darkness of night, You gave me the gift of blessing,
One fragrant drop of the essence of Your own gladness.
It touched and healed the wounded parts of my being,
Till I wondered that ever I'd heeded the bitter of sadness.

The joy and the peace of it spread and flowed through my spirit,
As the fragrance of orchard blossoms in air that is warm;
It was like a low sweet strain of exquisite music
That caught me up in its chords, and gave me its own clear calm.

My Father, I ask that this one rare drop of blessing
In my heart, down deep, I may treasure preciously,
That the loveliness of it may find its way into service,
And sweeten the lives of those You may give to me.

THE COMFORTER

I would draw from the weary world apart,
Jesus, my Jesus.
I would lay my head upon Thy heart,
Jesus, my Jesus.

For out in the world is sorrow and woe,
And one does not know where to turn and go,
I would flee to the only refuge I know,
Jesus, my Jesus.

May I lay my burden here in thine hand,
Jesus, my Jesus?
All that I cannot understand,
Jesus, my Jesus?
Thou hast walked upon earth Thyself, long ago,
Thou hast borne Thine own burden of sorrow and woe,
Our human weakness Thou dost know,
Jesus, my Jesus.

Then let me forget the trouble of day,
Jesus, my Jesus,
Let me cast my burdens all away,
Jesus, my Jesus.
I love Thee, oh Master, tender and sweet,
I humble my spirit here at Thy feet,
I would seek my rest with a peace complete,
Jesus, my Jesus.

A SAVIOUR

Because he bore without embitterment
The cross the Father sent,
He knew to lift the heavy weight
From those whose strength was well-nigh spent;
And with his eyes compassionate,
Made tender with their own full mede of pain,
He saw the hidden suffering
None else could understand,
And knew to reach his hand
And so to bring
Men back to life again.

THOU GREAT PHYSICIAN

Thou Great Physician, whose strong touch
  Hath power to take away our pain,
Turn unto us in peace again,
  For we have suffered overmuch.

Father behold Thy children. We,
Who helpless wail beneath Thy hand,
Now yield us to Thy high command,
  Submissive, turn we unto Thee.

Although Thou smite us with Thy rod,
  And bring us down unto the grave,
Alone hast Thou the power to save,
  Bring us to life again, oh God!

So vast Thy wisdom is, we feel.
  Thy plans we can know little of,
We trust Thou woundest us in love;
  The wounds Thou madest, heal.

I LOVE THEE, LORD JESUS

I love Thee, Lord Jesus, see,
  I lay mine head against Thy knee;
I clasp Thy hand and kiss it lovingly,
  Child, art thou willing to bear suffering for me?

I love Thee, Lord Jesus, see,
  I give my service unto Thee,
Of hand, and foot, and mouth, most joyfully,
  Child, art thou willing to bear suffering for me?

I love *Thee,* oh daughter, see,
  I gave my life for Thee;
I suffered for *Thy* sake most bitterly.
  Yes, *I am* willing to bear suffering for Thee!

DOST THOU LOVE ME VERY MUCH

"Dost Thou Love me very much,
Father mild?"
"Yes, I bless thee with my touch,
Little child."

"Wilt Thou give me of Thy rest;
Father mild?"
"Lay thine head upon my breast,
Little child."

"There are many things to fear,
Father mild."
"Not while I am with thee here,
Little child."

"Wilt Thou take good care of me,
Father mild?"
"Yes, I'll always care for thee,
Little child."

CONFIDENCE

Dear Father, choose for me;
I am too blind to see
The way to go;
But Thou dost know;
I trust in Thee.

GLADNESS

He is so kind and tender
That I would always stay
In the sunshine of His presence,
Singing all the day.

GRATITUDE

Dear God, my cup is full,
Thou art so kind to me!
What payment can I give?
My love for Thee?

I HAVE TOUCHED

I have touched, I have touched, but His garments
hem,
As he walked in the press and throng;
He hath saved, He hath saved, with His healing
power,
And filled my life with song.

THOU ART MY JOY

Thou art my Joy. Thou art my Gladness.
Thou art my Hope. Thou art my Peace.
Thou takest from me all my sadness.
Thou makest all my sorrows cease.

Therefore with singing voice I bless Thee.
I love Thee with my heart and soul.
My God and Saviour I confess Thee.
I yield me to Thy dear control.

THE GLORIOUS LIGHT

We would thank Thee, God, for the glorious light
That shineth within alway,
That maketh all of our darkness bright,
And turneth our night to day.

GOD'S HANDCLASP

Father, I'm trying so hard
To keep tight clasp of Thee.
But my hand has grown so tired.—
Will Thou not take hold of me?

THE GOLDEN CLOUD

God's love is all around me,
A shining golden light.
It moves wherever I may move,
By day and by night:
No darkness can pierce through it,
To harm me or affright.

PREMONITION

My tree is stirring its pale new leaves with gladness.
Pink petals blow from the peach tree and drift down low o'er the garden.
A robin red breast skims from the grass up over the arbor.
(In Europe, the women are grieving for those who will come no more.)

Above are vermilion clouds with purple along the horizon.
The air is balmy and sweet with the moisture and fragrance of sunset.
(We are helplessly waiting, fearful for what the new day may bring.)

A clear small moon grows bright, a star in the blackness near it.
The wind makes a pleasant sound in the newly found Leaves of the tree.
(Shall we have joy in the evening, next year when the Spring returns?)

EXULTATION

What it may mean, I cannot tell,—
This exultation, clear and strong
That wells within me, like a song:
"Fear not, for all shall yet be well."

God tends His world—His hand doth move
Within the nations. Through travail
New truth is born, strong to prevail,
And through the pain, God's face is love.

DO NOT WAIT

I could have done it, and I did not do it.
And now it is too late.
Oh, you who have your loved ones living
And can do,—do not wait!

Else, one day, stricken, you will unavailing
Cry God turn back His fate.
And you will know with sad heart breaking,
It is too late—too late!

COMFORT

"God!" I call out in the midnight hushes
"God! Please come. I need you so!" I cry.
God's spirit through the starlit spaces rushes
To blend Itself above me where I lie.

"Dear God, you know!" I say to Him uplifting
Eyes tearless for the tears that they have shed.
"I know, dear child!" the gentle words come drifting
He lays His hand upon my tossing head.

"I did not go, dear God," I keep repeating,
"I did not go. I thought that I would wait.
I did not know how soon his life was fleeting.
I did not go,—and now it is too late."

"Dear child," God says, "dear child, be comforted.
Some day thou shalt see this one who is dead."

FATHER, FORGIVE

Father, forgive whate'er rebellious cries
Came from me 'neath the pressure of Thine hand.
Now know I that Thy love was wise,
For through the darkness, for one instant's space,
I glimpse the glory of Thy face,
And looking in Thy quiet eyes,
I know that Thou art wise.

MORNING PRAYER

Just as I cleanse my hands this morn,
  And wash the sleep away,
So dip I now my soul in Thee,
  At dawning of the day.

Whatever spot throughout the hours
  May soil its morning white,
I'll take it to Thy living fount,
  And make it clean at night.

COMPENSATION

Dear God, to have one come for comfort unto me,
And have the words: "I know God cares for thee!"
To feel one baby head grow still against my breast,
Even as I have found in Thee my rest;

To feel one woman's lips against my hand,
And know that I had loosed a band
Of tight-drawn pain that bound her heart,
Because mine own had had its part
Of suffering,

This were enough to bring
The tears of gratitude unto mine eyes.
Dear God, if aught of woe
Thine hand may yet bestow,

Teach me to yield unto Thine own my will;
And so,
Oh Dearheart, Sweetheart, Blessed God,
To love Thee still.

THE ANGEL OF REWARD

There came one night the Angel of Reward,
He stood with folded hands and lowered wings;
And said; "I bring thee message from the Lord,
Who knoweth all His children's sufferings.
"His eyes have watched when thou hast smiled with cheer,
"While tears of pain were pressing 'neath thine eyes;
He hath beheld thy conquering of fear;
He saw the hidden, loving sacrifice.
Already hath He blessed thee with His love,
And shown thee tenderness that few have known,
He giveth peace the world knows nothing of;
And calleth thee especially His own,
"He biddeth me to say, that through the pain
Thou art become a blessing unto men."

RESURRECTION

My Soul, within its darkened room,
Self-kept, because the world said Nay,
Has heard without its starving gloom:
"It is not wrong to seek the day."

My soul has pushed the door ajar,
Straightway the wind blows through the trees,
Straightway the air smells sweet once more,
And live sounds come upon the breeze.

A NEW SONG

A new song hast Thou put into my heart, oh God,
Even praises unto Thee;
Thou hast led my feet through the miry clay,
Unto a place by Thee,
Where there is gladness, and peace and joy,
And a wondrous ecstacy
That wells within like a living spring,
And pours itself out toward Thee.

THE SPRINGTIME COMES BY

It is oh, my heart, to be up and away,
  Up and away in the sky;
And my throat would sing the livelong day,
  And you know the reason why,
For the winter's cold is passed away,
  And the springtime now comes by.

SPRINGTIME AND BLOSSOMINGS

Springtime, and blossomings;
  Valentines and pleasant things,
All about the love that warms
  And thrills the heart.

Weary spirit, let thy care
  Flow away as brooklets fair;
Spring hath come, hath come,
  And winter doth depart.

Grass is greener for the rain,
  Life is gladder for the pain;
God doth rule, doth rule His world
  With loving heart.

ONE WITHIN

We wept; Death seemed so bitter and drear.
  "We shall never see her again;"
In the years that have passed, she has drawn so near,
  She has shown us God through our pain.

SPRING AFTER WINTER

Oh,bird alighted outside my window,
Listening to the music I play and I sing,
Are you glad for sunshine that comes after showers
And for all the fair things that Springtime does bring?

Oh, tree, with your buds swelling up in their growing,
Do you now forget the cold that has been,?
And do you now push your twigs out in exulting
To clothe them once more with their garment of green?

Oh, human heart, banish your care and your sorrow,
And cover up deep your sadness and pain,
For, lo, now appears the sunshine of promise
To give you beauty for ashes again.

CHURCH
AND
SUNDAY SCHOOL

GRANDFATHER'S ARMS

Grandfather's arms are about the lad,
And God's are about them both.
It is Jackie's first day at Sunday school,
And the little fellow is loath
To sit in a row with children strange,
So to Grandfather's care he flees,
Protected by gentle hands and arms,
Between Grandfather's sheltering knees.

"God is near by to shelter us
Whenever we need His aid.
He puts His hands upon our own
So we need not be afraid."

Jackie is listening to the words
Of the Sunday school teacher there
Grandfather listens.—In his heart
I think that he says a prayer
That Jackie will find God kind through the years.
And will know Him the Father He is;
And that Jackie will turn unto God's great arms
As easily as to his.

MARTHA

Now, Jesus had love unto Martha of old;
Came oft o'er the Bethany hills; it is told,
Weary and worn from long ministry,
Needful of home rest, and home-sympathy,
And there, by her hands, was served lovingly.

We are the Marthas. Should Jesus come now,
And lift upon us His all gracious brow,
Would our hands be as willing to serve eagerly?
Would our eyes be tender with quick sympathy?
"In as much as ye do it to these, so to me."

THE HEALING

I have found Him whom my soul may love.
He touched my hands and head:
"Mary!" He said, "Look above!
Your malady has fled."

I looked and saw Him standing there,
His eyes all calm and sweet;
I reached and touched His garments fair,
And kissed His precious feet.

Oh strange, new life that entered in
That thrice-God-blessed day!
I think the old drear sin and pain
Has passed from me alway.

For, ever since, it seems a light
Shines wheresoe'er I go;
I see it in the faces bright
Of children that I know.
But most of all it shines clear

From out His blessed face;
I sit and watch Him without fear
Warmed in its radiant grace.

Would unto God, that e'en through pain,
I else knew nothing of,
I might give back to Him again
Some measure of His love.

THE ANOINTING

The Master knows! The Master knows
That I love Him with all my heart;
And He does not reprove me for loving Him thus,
For He did not bid me depart.

When I poured the ointment over His feet,
As He sat by the table there,
And pressed them secretly with my cheek,
And kissed them 'neath my hair.

But He bent above me where I knelt,
He is always so gentle and good,
And He said: "Vex her not for the thing she has done;
I praise; she has done what she could."

And I felt a great tenderness flow through His hand;
But I wonder the strange thing He said:
"She anoints me now with the burial oil;"
And He touched with compassion my head.

For He knows, should He die, how my heart would break;
I would die for Him if I could;
As I poured the ointment, I would my life;
And the Master knows I would!

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE RESURRECTION

Oh Mother Mary, they say He is dead;
My Savior, and your son;
They say He is dead, but I cannot believe
That our very God is gone.

Though I saw Him die, and I felt Him cold,
And I looked at Him there in the grave.
But our very God; how could He die,
Who had utmost power to save?

For He called Lazarus out from the tomb,
And myself from worse than death;
And He said Himself He had power of life,
Yet I could not feel His breath!

Oh, Mary, I know that your heart is pierced;
The same sword has pierced mine through,
Though He was your son, and you gave Him birth,
It seemed He was my son, too.

He was father, and mother, and brother to me;
He was sister,—and more than kin,
He was Lord and Master within my heart,
From the day that He entered in.

It was just this week that I spoke to Him,
He seemed so full of care:
"In the sorrow that weighs upon your dear heart,
May not I have a little share?"

"Mary," He said in His low, kind voice,
"You are always comfort to me;
But the cup that the Father gives, I must drink,
Alone and willingly."

And He spoke strange words: "Do not doubt or fear,
Whatever may betide."
Oh! They nailed Him up to a cruel cross,
And they thrust a spear in His side!

And they carried Him down in a tomb in the ground,
And they closed Him in alone;
And they shut us out from seeing Him,
With a great, round, heavy stone.

Oh, Mary, I connot endure to wait,
Can we not do aught for Him?
Might we enter in, we could feel our way,
Though the morning light be dim,

To where He lies on His long, low couch,
With the napkin 'round His head.
We will bathe Him in the burial oils,
And the sorrowing tears we shed.

We will not be afraid of those who may watch,
We do this for His sake.
The other women may come if they choose,
Let us go, e'er the morning break.

RESURRECTION

He is risen!
He is risen!
The Lord to life has come!

I have seen Him!
In the garden!
There by the empty tomb!

He has spoken!
He has spoken!
Yes, I have heard the Lord!

He has spoken, and I heard Him,
    And I knew Him by that word,
That He uttered when He drew me
    Out from the depths of pain;
"Mary!" He has said it!

    "Mary!" I knew Him then,
And I turned and would have touched Him,
    And would have kissed His feet;
But He told me: "Wait a little
    And your joy shall be complete."

And He bade me go and tell them,
    Who in sorrow still are met;
And my heart beats high with rapture
    That I may serve Him yet!

Dear Father God, I praise Thee!
    You have had the power to save!
You have brought my Lord and Master
    Alive to me from the grave!

Though He passes from my vision,
    He'll be with me all the day!
I may love Him, and may serve Him,
    And He will not pass away!

For He lives! For He lives!
    And I go to tell them now,
Oh, sweet hands, and sweet feet,
    And sweet, live, wounded brow!

TO OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

How dear, how beloved, she is!
In the night, I awaken, and cry:
"Thank you, God, thank you for her!"
In the day, like a flash, comes the thought
Of her smiling and loving, alive;
And I lift her up unto God:
"See, God, here is one who is good,
Who is pure, who is sweet, who is kind.
But you know all the book of her heart,—
Already you bless her with light.
Light streams from her eyes, from her brow;
There is light all about and within.
Whoever is touched by her life.
Is touched by an Angel of Light.
Dear God, keep her far from pain,
Let no sorrow or harm come to her."

When I am away, she seems
Like a steadfast and clear-shining star.
Other lights falter, grow dim
But she is unfailing and sure.
Gladly I turn my face
Toward the city in which she shines.

Our teacher! Beloved and dear!
Beautiful unto us,—
Lovely and beautiful;
Exquisite as a flower
Of delicate colorings,—
Gay and joyous and bright.
Her voice is pleasant to hear:
And precious and golden her words.
She prays, and God's spirit draws near,—
His sunshine of love pours down;
She teaches,—how clear are her thoughts,
How wide are her sympathies!
She knows how to speak a word
In season, to weary ones:
Healing and balm flow in
And peace to our troubled hearts:
Courage arises, new faith,
Patience, forgiveness, and love.
We go from her presence, blessed,
Kindled by light from her eyes,
Warmed by her welcoming hand,
Ready to take up the tasks,
Of the week, with God for our aid.

Without her, what would we do?
She illumines the paths of our lives:
She loves us and binds us to God.
We are bound by our love of her.
If Jesus is like her, then
How fair and lovely is He!
We love her, each one, so much.
We cannot thank God enough.
Thank you, God, thank you for her,
Our teacher, beloved and dear.

I LIGHT MY LIGHT FROM JESUS

(Candle-lighting ceremony. Each child lights a small candle from a large one, representing Jesus.)

As these candles give their light,
May our lives be shining bright,
Giving gladly out each day
Love God gives to us alway.

TO OUR MINISTER

If we could tell our gratitude
For you, dear friend,
And let the large and mingled sound
To heaven ascend,
The angels would be still, for God
To it attend.

If we could tell Him how you grieved
For sins we had;
How you were quick to comfort us
When we were sad;
How you would visit us when sick,
He would be glad.

If we could let Him know how deep
Our love for you,
Our helper, minister, our friend,
Our teacher true,
He would bless you with joy. He does;
And loves you, too.

FRIENDSHIP VERSES

FOR EDNA'S WEDDING BOOK

We walked along the path in days gone by,
Speaking of all the things that girlhood knows.
Now, at the entrance of this sacred gate
I may not follow you within the walls;
Only the one alone, to whom your heart
In such close wise is bound, that all the world
Beside is stranger, may accompany you,
Holding your hand, and gazing in your eyes.

Friend! By the love I bore of old, and bear,
I pray that you be lifted up in strong,
Full flood of joy; that through the new, clear eyes
The earth and all things prove more beautiful;
And that, through the deep loyalty which finds
It's perfect refuge in one chosen heart,
In stress of toil, and sorrow, and the trial
Of joy, your love may purify itself,
Until it burn in one clear flame of peace.

TO ALICE

Oh, thou dear bringer of gladness and light,
Thou art fair as the sunshine of Spring,
When the rain has gone by, and the flowers come forth,
And the little birds joyously sing.

Thy silvery laughter doth gladden our hearts
As the brooklet murmuring there,
Thine eyes are as sunshine upon the wet earth;
And its loveliness lies in thine hair.

If ever thine heart should grow saddened and drear,
It would be as the darkening rain;
We would pray the dear Father to banish Thy care,
And to give thee thy gladness again.

TO HELEN

Loving heart, God love thee!
Shine His face above thee!
Give His angels careful guard,
About thy steps each day.

Grant thee joy and gladness,
Take away all sadness,
Cheer and comfort thy dear heart
As thou dost ours always.

MY LADY FAIR

My lady is dressed in a silken gown,
Soft and fine, and shimmering brown,
Broidered with pink from the girdle down,
(My lady is fair to see.)

My lady has hands that are slender and white,
Tender as leaves brought new to the light,
Banded with rings with their jewels bright,
(My lady is fair to see!)

My lady's eyes are clear as the stream,
Where the pool lies deep, and the pebbles seem,
Emeralds green in the sunshine's gleam,
(My lady is fair to see!)

My lady is rich and fine and fair,
From her dainty shoes to her wondrous hair;
And she smiles upon me, worshipping there!
(My lady has love for me!)

TO MILDRED

From under a rosebush I picked some pansies,
Pansies purple, and gold and blue,
Familiar faces quaint and loving,
Faintly fragrant, and moist with dew.

Roses are cheering, and full of sweetness,
Lifted in sunshine, for all to view.
Pansies are peaceful, hid in the shadow,
Quiet, and comforting, Dear Heart like you.

TO EVA

May the waves as they come and go,
Bring thee peace;
May the ocean of love in its flow,
Never cease.

May the sun in its radiance above
Light thy way
May the brighter sunbeams of love
Shine alway.

MY ROSARY

Like a young, spring day, when the sunshine lies,
On the wet, green earth, and the white-flecked skies,
And the western bay where the blue hill rise,
Even so is my Rosary.

Like the fragrance powdered upon the breeze
From the green and gold of acacia trees
O'er shadowing the steps of the Church of Peace,
Even so is my Rosary.

Like the quiet resting on heads bent low
Where the altar gleams, and the candles glow,
And the black-robed priest paces to and fro;
Even so is my Rosary.

When the priest with the kind eyes gave it me,
"Take it child," he said, "with my blessing to thee."
Then my eyes filled up till they could not see
For the joy of my Rosary.

Now it lies in my hand where it oft hath lain:
Mother of Pearl on a silver chain
With colors gleaming like sun in rain,
My beautiful Rosary.

At night, when the dark grows cold and deep,
I hold it close till I fall asleep,
For the white-robed angels near me keep
For the sake of my Rosary.

FOR ALICE

When I was a girl, I had a friend.
Alice, do you remember the sheltered corner space
By the front steps of the school where once we used to go?
I was lonely, a new-comer, and then I saw your face.
You called to me to come and play. Oh, that was years ago.
(But I remember yet.)

Precious, golden moments Life charily does send.
Sometimes, like a pilgrimage, I go and stand awhile
Almost I can see them: those little girls at play;
And you come from among them:—Oh, I can see you smile:
A slender girl with dark-brown hair, you welcomed me that day.
(Children do not forget.)

We went up together, high school to attend.
Some folks wear their hearts outside for all to bruise who will.
Whatever thing it was that hurt, I can't remember now.
How strange that we will let pride rule our foolish thoughts until
It overshadows loyal faith and clouds dear friendship's brow.
(In dreams I saw you yet.)

Long years I stayed away. Years break the heart and bend.
Alice, I was planning, in secret woman dreams
That when I had a little girl—she never came to me.
Life denies me husband, home, and children, so it seems—
Alice was to be her name. I loved still, you see
(It was a girlhood debt.)

Life has led me back. Pride has had an end—
Alice, the long, long hurt was gone when I looked in
your eyes.
How glad they were and tender! I found you in
your home.
With husband and with children. Joy around you
lies.
The years, how can we make them up—when I was
blind and dumb—?
(Years stretch before us yet.)

WHEN I AM DEAD

When I am dead, I ask that you put on me
The dress you made one spring-time long ago.
Worn though it be, the roses faded from it,
Those I have loved shall see it and shall know.

One shall say: "I laid my hand baptizing
One Easter morning on her low-bowed head.
I sought to minister but she, believing,
Has strengthened me with her high faith instead.

One shall say, his brown eyes full of grieving:
"It seems so strange to have her laughter cease.
I lay these new-blown roses here beside her.
The Lord lift up his face, and give her peace."

And one : "She knelt so pure before the altar,
I think her spirit was quite close to Heaven.
Dear child! I ask on her the Father's blessing,
Rest for her soul, and that she be forgiven."

And one shall come with shining eyes and tender,
And touch the hands that lie upon my breast.
"She gave herself in one full joy of loving.
God bless, and care for her, and give her rest."

These all shall go their way and leave me.
But, Mother dear, I ask you not to weep.
It is so good to cease the pain of living,
And lie within the arms of God, and sleep.

TO MARY

She is like a garden in the early morning,
When the leaves are drenched with moisture
And the flowers lift their heads up gladly,
Fragrant with the wonder of the sunshine upon them.
Poppies are unfolding,
Bees hum in the lavender,
Roses are fresh and lovely in the strength of the morning.

She is like the rose that grows by my window.
It has delicately colored petals
Close-folded at the center.
It is touched with gold.

She is like a river flowing in the mountains
Clear and cold and sparkling in the sunshine.
On either side are trees: Acanthus, oak, and maple.
Ferns trail in the water.
Azaleas bloom above it.
She is like the azaleas.
Their petals are white.
Their throats are gold.
They fill the valley with their fragrance.

SHAMROCK

Here I send you Shamrock; that is for good fortune,
Shamrock from the land of the fairies and the harp-song;
Good luck to you, oh, cheeryhearted lady!

Far from the dewy heaths of old, merry Ireland,
Swept by the fairies feet in the fragrant moonlight,
Good luck to you, oh, cheeryhearted lady!

She who gave it to me, silverhaired but childlike—
"Blessed by the fairies, is it," said she smiling,
Good luck to you, oh, cheery hearted lady!

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

We send you good wishes on this Birthday,
May sunshine and gladness fall on your way;
Little wild flowers grow by your door,
Presence of loved ones, could one wish more?

GLADYS COMES DOWN THE PATHWAY

The warm sun of spring is shining.
  The hills are fresh and green from the rain.
The dear love of Gladys comes to me.
  I send love to Gladys again.

My heart goes to meet her coming,
  Over the green hillside is her way:
A maiden in the morning of her sweetness,
  "Ma chere amie," my blessing every day.

Gladys is coming down the pathway.
  Her dress is shining and her hair is bright.
Gladys is a flower, a sweetheart lily,
  "Ma fleur-de-lis," my loved girl, my delight.

UNDISCOURAGED LOVE

I love you, dear, although
  You love not me.
My love shall follow still
  Where e'er you be.

In God's great maze of life
  Paths go astray.
Although I see you not,
  I love always.

Blessings shall come to you,
  You know not why:
It is my love I send
  Until I die.

If, in God's plan there be
  Eternity,
And we shall meet again,
  You will love me.

THE MAN WHO WAS LIKE A BIRCH-TREE

In a park I saw a birch-tree.
It was slender and fine, with branches white
And leaves delicately lighted by the distant lamp of the street.

Can you trust one who is like a birch-tree?
He was slender and fine,
And his voice and words were gentle and courteous
Like the delicate light on the pale green leaves of the birch-tree.

Once I read in a book about trees
That the oak you may trust, and the pine,
And all trees which strong winds blow over.
But I think the birch-tree was not one of these.

However, the birch-tree was beautiful,
There in the dim light of the park,
With darker foliage about it.
And the one who sat beside me
Was beautiful in his way also.

Always I shall remember
The long sweep of the birch's branches.
And I shall not soon forget
The clear gray eyes
And the thoughtful ways
Of the man who was like a birch-tree.

TO MY FRIEND WHO IS DYING

Oh, friend I love, I cannot think that you
Will soon be gone.
And that those hands, those lips, those eyes of blue
I looked upon.
Will soon be where I cannot see them more:
The grave will cover them securely o'er.

I may not speak or write to you e'en now,
So near the end.
Life lingers frail upon your wasted brow,
My dear, dear friend.
How hard it was to say goodbye and leave!
My heart has ached,—all day and night I grieve.

But your brave spirit sought to meet my own
In comforting.
You said that loved ones leave us not alone
In sorrowing,
But come to strengthen us and work and love
And by our side inspiringly they move.

Beloved friend, you were so kind and good.
I helpless stand.
I cannot help you as I would.
Within God's hand
You suffering lie until He sends the end.
I can but call I love you, dear, dear friend.

FORGIVE

Never, never, never, may I see her face again.
Never while this life shall last and never even when
There shall be a life to come
"Child."
Yes, I hear you, God, but when—
"Child!"
She has hurt me so, dear God, should
I love her then?
"Child, my child, my little child!"

Jesus, let me then forgive her who harmed me so
I cannot do that of myself. Bitter was her blow,
She cares not if I forgive. She wished to bring me low.
"Child!"

Dear, my God. I love you. God—you who know my ways—
How I wish Thy spirit might dwell in me all my days.
Then need I ne'er care what she or anybody says.
"Little girl of mine."

RECONCILIATION

A glance, a smile, a word, and that hard part
Of bitterness that lay within my heart
Melted with tears that washed away the grief.
There is no hatred left, only relief.

How easily I forgive! I am so glad
To have the friend again that once I had.
Returns to me my joy, gone is the pain—,
My friend whom I once loved, I love again.

TO CORA LOUISE

Our Cora is fair as the morning time
When the dew lies soft on the flowers.
Her voice is as sweet as the songs of birds
When they sing in the early hours.

She is dew and music and gladness to us.
She has quieted us with her calm.
She has been in our midst as an angel
of light.
Or as some low, exquisite psalm
That sank in our hearts when the
Twilight came down
And the dew lay again on the flowers.
She has brought us a message of comfort
and peace.—
We shall miss you, Cora of ours.

TO CAROLINE

In this big world of many things to do,
There are, of valiant souls, a chosen few,
Who do not hesitate,
When there is work to do,
To put their shoulders underneath the weight
And bear it through.

Something of rare fine beauty here.
I think the soul grows lovely when it gives,
And takes into itself all precious things and dear
For which it lives.
We have such need of those who serve with cheer.
The sunny smile and helping hands of thine
We scarce can spare, our Caroline.

SAN DIEGO

SPRING TIMING

Along the canyon road we have been straying
Where little Sunday boys were playing,
And by the green where there was water flowing,
To where the little ferns are growing
And up the hills we have been climbing
All in the glad, sweet, sunshiny Springtime.

Oh, there are people on the hilltop walking.
And there are lovers in the sunshine talking.
And there are ladies picking many flowers
And saying things about the happy hours.
But I am here among the shady grasses,
Finding ferns, oh, lots of them,—in masses.

Frail, lovely maidenhair whose graces
Lie hidden thick within the shady places.
But ferns are dearer far than all the flowers
That grow up n the sunshine all the hours.
They make me think of someone far away
Whose gentle grace is hidden everyday,
But she is fair as little ferns a-bending,
And so to her some maiden hair I'm sending.

Now Daddy-dear my photograph has taken,
And all his faith in kodakery has shaken.
The merry children from the orphan's home
Have, laughing, chatting, up the hillside come,
And given to me shooting-stars galore
And Johnny-jump-ups by the score.
A friskey cottontail has run away,
And so must we, now at the close of day.

THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY FROM GRANT HILL

On the top of Grant's Hill I am sitting.
It is dark up here; but below me
Thousands of lights are shining,
Near and distant, encircling,
Clear and bright in the air
Of our mild and southern winter.

To the left are the close-set lights,
By the bay, of National City,
With Chula Vista beyond,
And a glint from Mexico's coast line.
A tiny strip of lights
Gleams from Paradise Valley.

In front is the cluster of lights
Of Coronado's Tent City,
With a moving stream of lights
Where the autos are crossing the Strand.
In the bay are reflected the lights
Of the boats, the warships and ferries.

To the right, are the lights of North Island,
And beyond, the gleam of the Light-house
On Point Loma, fronting the ocean,
And here and there, from the ships,
Are funnels of searchlights playing.

Between the bay and my hill
Are the myriad lights of the city:
Storied lights of tall buildings.
Flashing signs, vari-colored,
The turning cross on the Methodist Church,
Lights of street-cars, autos, trains,
Long rows of street-lights,
And once in awhile there flares
Like flames from Inferno,
The orange fire from the Gas Plant,
Hugely writhing and glaring.

Most of the lights stand for houses.
Built on hills is our city.
Up and down, there are houses.
Within the radiance of those lights,
Many people are living.

I wonder about the people.
If their thoughts could be gathered together,
Would they be more happy than sad?
Would the joy be more than the pain?

There is sadness in some of those houses:
Suffering and sorrowing and sinning.
But friendship, and kindness, and faith,
And love, are dwelling there, too.

Children are saying their prayers,
School-children tell the tales
Of the day's glad happenings,
Or study tomorrow's lessons.
Fathers rest from their work,
Mothers plan for morning,
Teachers correct their papers:
Many contented thoughts
Are being thought in those houses.
—And I like to consider the pets,
Dogs and birds and kittens
And all the living things
That brighten the homes of the people.

I think there is more joy,
More of comfort than grieving.
God, looking down from the stars,
Sees more of goodness than badness.
His hand o'er the city tonight
Is stretched out, healing and blessing.

Our city, our San Diego,
Is a good, kind, happy city.
Boastful we may be, sometimes,
But generous of our blessings.
Proud of many things,
We welcome others to share them.

Above San Miguel the moon shines.
Its white light floods the city.
Our city is beautiful,
On hills sloping down to the water,
Mountains rising behind it.

If ever you feel discouraged,
Take a walk in the evening
Up the path of Grant's Hill,
And look at the lights of the city.

SAN DIEGO

THE OLD WOMAN BY THE OCEAN

I am old and sad and weary
And it is Christmastime.
That is why I have come from the city
And am here by the ocean tonight.
I came on the stage from the city,—
Very far it seems.
There, there were lights and noises
Here, it is dark and cold,—
Only the long white breakers,
Reaching, grasping for—

Why did I come to the ocean?
No one on the stage could dream
Why I had come to the ocean,
An old, worn woman like me.
The young man who sat by the window
Was smoking. I did not like it.
But what does it matter now?
What an awful thing is the ocean,
Always fearful to me,
Stretching its long white fingers
Trying to grasp somebody.
It wants me to come down there!
Once when a little girl
I and my sister were wading.
I never could swim, but she could,—
Round,—built round in her body,—
But I was flat and awkward.

I went too far toward the breakers,
And the undertow caught and sucked me.
I remember how it grasped me,
Hungry, exulting, cruel,
No one saw but my sister
And she swam out and saved me.

Strange how I think of my sister now.
It is almost as if she were near me—
Older than I, and slender—
She was the eager leader,
I was the follower always.
Dead these many years
All of them dead with me.
And I am sad and lonely.
That is dreadful at Christmastime—

The slender moon is bright,
It glitters upon the water.
The long white breakers boom.
The rocks stretch black beneath me,
Slippery, sandy rocks,—
I cannot see the pathway.
Almost my foot slipped then—
It felt like a hand that caught me.
But nobody knows I am here,
No one knows I am gone—
No one will know till morning,
When little Doris may come
In the bright red velvet bonnet,
I took from the old yellow trunk—
The trunk that was my father's,
Our packing trunk it was.
The keepsakes break my heart,—
They remind me of those are dead—
And make me feel sad and lonely.
At Christmas I cannot bear it!

How black and cold is the ocean.
The gray horizon is lost.
The stars are the same white stars
I used to love in my childhood,—
Ever the same the stars.
The swan dips down toward the water—
In the zenith is Cassiopeia,

The ocean is ever the same —
Roaring, whitening, fading—
When I am dead, the ocean
Will move and roar and whiten.
But the ocean has not any soul,
And I am a living spirit.

What will become of my soul?
It will not drown with my body.
Strange I should think of my spirit.
How do I know it will live?
Will it stay here cold by the water?
Will it go back to the city?
Will it wander about the room—
The poor, small room where I lived—?
Will it touch, and see, and remember?
Then what is the good of dying?
If only I could go to my people—
They seem near to me on those rocks—
Especially my sister,
She loved the ocean so.

How pretty the shells used to be
On the shore when the tide was out
And the delicate sea-weed floated
Like red ferns in the green water.
Doris would love the ocean.
She never has been to the ocean.
Her mother was ill or working
And she could not afford to bring her.
It would not cost very much.
I might have waited,—but then,
We would come for a different purpose.

Bring Doris to see the ocean!
We would sit on the sand in the sunshine—
And the sea would be blue and smiling.
It would not be cursed and cold.
Her little feet would be treading
The sand into small decorations,
Dear little baby feet
Making ribbons upon the seashore!
Oh, that her little feet
Be never heavy and lonely.

It was yesterday morning she came.
Christmas day, in the morning.
In the little red bonnet I gave her,
An old shawl pinned 'round her shoulders,
Bringing a Christmas basket.
"Here am a Kidmet battet,"
She lisped, "an' Mudder,
Wants 'oo to see my Kidmet t'ee;
An' here am my 'ittle dolly."
Babies, and dollies, and mothers—
And I was bereft of my own.
Memories throng and press
Poignantly Christmas morning
And all through the Christmas time.

Why! I almost saw my sister!
Her curls were tied with a ribbon,—
A red ribbon, just as my mother,
Long years ago used to tie it.
Maybe I am not alone.
Can it be that she is with me?
She used to take my hand.
I was younger, chubby and clumsy.
She thought that I was her own.
Before I came, my mother
Told her that Santa Claus
Would bring her a baby brother—
And when I came, though a sister,
She claimed me her own possession—
It is almost as if she were here,
Leading me back from the ocean.

The wind is blowing cold.
My feet feel damp and chilly.
If I were at home, I would dry them,
It is warm by my wood-heater.
I wish I were safe at home.
What care I for the ocean?
Above the cliffs the lights
Of the houses are sparkling and shining,
I am going to go up the street,
And find out when the stage goes,
Back to the city and Doris.

OUT OF DOORS

OFF TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Off to the mountains!
Pack the children, too.
For we can't leave them behind,—
That would never do!

THE MEADOW LARK

"Joy! Joy! Joyful autumn day!"
Hark how the meadow-lark
Carols loud and gay.

"Sweet! Sweet! Sweet the morning air!
Bright lies a golden light
On the meadows fair.

"Love! Love! Love is always true!"
Skies laugh at butterflies
In alfalfa blue.

"Glad! Glad! Gladness everywhere!"
Clear sings the bird of cheer
From a tree-top bare.

RAIN

Hark! how the rain falls,
Swift on the house-walls!
List! how the wind moans,
Wild with its low groans,
Down through the chimney!

FROG'S SONG

Come, ra-ain!
Aga-ain!

Ra-ain!
We'd fa-ain!
Have ra-ain!
Ra-ain!

THE CEMETERY ON THE HILL

Above the straggly, sleepy, sea-side town,
Midway upon the brown hills' rounding slope,
Swept by the wind from the ocean-seeking tide,
The little cemetery, peaceful, rests.
Time has been loving here, and softened down
The harsh, new emblems of a once-sharp grief:
The mounds are brown, the white of stones is dulled;
A dusty rose-bush blooms above this lamb;
And there a yew has covered up a tomb;
While myrtle grows above the levelled graves.
Half-buried in the earth, are shells and wreaths
Crosses unnamed, and leaning, mossy stones.
Nothing of unrest here, nothing of life,
Only the old grave-tender cuts the weeds
Upon a knoll; and loud the locust shrills
Among the pungent, fragrant anise-plants.

AN AZALEA FOUND PRESSED IN A BOOK

Do you remember how the Azaleas smelled,
There on the bank by the river?
Fragrant and fine, with a powdery sweet,
They will perfume my dreams forever

There, in their glow, by the river's brink,
Lingering one sunny hour,
You said that you loved me; and kissed me, too;
The memory comes with this flower.

I can see the mountains rising high,
And the Bridal Veils' far swaying;
The bending ferns by the water's edge,
And the little waves delaying.

Oh, friend of my heart! Let us fold it close,
That precious hour by the river,
That its fragrance may rise from the book of our hearts,
And sweeten our lives forever.

LITTLE SPRINGTIME FLOWER

Little Springtime flower,
Blown in early hour
In a grassy bower!

How I hate to pick you;
With rough fingers prick you!
In my buttonhole stick you!

But you are so sweet and blue,
And so very, very new!
Please forgive the hurt I do,
Little springtime flower.

A VALENTINE FOR DOROTHY

When the almonds blossom n a pink white row,
Then about the countryside true lovers go.
Or, when nights are moonlit and the air is fine,
Lurking in the corners grins St. Valentine,
Farmers and schoolteachers are kind and good,
And they always do the very things they should
Matches come with Spring. Cupid's wings I hear.
Springtime is the mating-time both far and near.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

Now I am in the mountains.
I can smell the fragrance of pines.
The sound of the waterfall sweeps over the canyon.
White clouds are strewn against the blue of the sky.
New leaves are out on the oak trees.
The fir trees are tipped with tender green.
Pink irises bloom in the shadows.
Blue lupine grows in the sunshine.

It is good to be in the mountains,
One sleeps well and awakens refreshed.
There are so many things to see,
And places to walk to.
Strength springs up in the mountains.

MEMORIES OF SPRING

The first, faint fragrance of the Spring
Came in my door today;
It brought the memory of years
That now are far away;
When life was all a happy thing—
One long, glad holiday.

Then all the little flowers came up
In a garden that I knew,
White snowdrops by the high board fencce,
Pansies, and violets blue;
And in a shady, hidden place
The sweet narcissus grew.

And by my side, adown the path,
There went a lover fair;
He taught me names of all the flowers,
And gave me some to wear;
I took and put some on my dress,
And some within my hair.

Oh, dear the days of long ago!
And dear the memory!
When days grow dark, and drear, and cold,
I turn to them and see
The picture of a sunny youth
That ne'er shall cease to be.

Oh, all young souls that now may walk,
Within a gladsome Spring.
Take all the joy that all the hours
In all good wise may bring;
That so your hearts in other days
Rejoicingly may sing.

They are harnessing the power
Of the mighty mountain waters.
Little stream or mighty river
Will be turned unto man's use.
Electricity about us:
Hear it hum in yonder buildling!
Electricity to labor:
Light the city, till the fields
Be a servant, friend to man.

When you turn the light on, evenings,
Think of waterfalls and trees:
Fragrance of the firs and pine woods;
Ozone of the canyon wind;
Mighty granite rocks projecting,
Deep-green of the pine-tree's needles,
Pale pink irises and lupine,
Red of newly leafing oaks.

Many strong men, working, lifting.
Shouting, talking, walking, climbing;
Clad in brown shirts, leggins, breeches;
Young men, tanned and sturdy, bright-eyed;
Older men with accent quaint,
Scotch and Irish dialects.

Toot of whistles, smoke of engines;
Freight-cars, picks and shovels, spades;
Pipe-lines, kompstocks, flues, roundhouses,
Camps and donkeys, rollers, rails.

Stages, winding mountain grades.
Sparkling blue of mountain lakes.
Starry nights and morns of glory;
Snow of winter, warmth of summer.
Storms and moonlight, lightning flashes;
Wild things in the hidden glades.
All that makes the joy of mountains.

When you turn the light on evenings,
Think of these, and marvel then.

THE HILLSIDE GRAVE AT BOULDER CREEK

Upon a wayside grave just now I came
Lying upon the hillside quite alone,
With marble tombstone, graven with the name:

"Bess Wilna." The dates showed that the child
Had died before three years of life were done.
And here they laid her in the forest wild,

Beside a leaf-strewn path, where maybe she
Was led oft-times by some kind older one
Who guided her wee steps most tenderly.

Flowers they planted all about the place:
Daisies, wisteria, roses in the sun.
Brake ferns and trees were there in native grace.

How often to this place they must have come!
Did her sweet spirit know what they had done?
And did she love to see the flowers bloom?

That she could see them did their hearts believe?
And did she lay her hands within their own?
And did she murmur to them not to grieve?

Quite long ago that was. By this time she
(Had she but lived), a maiden would have grown,
And in the blossoming time of youth would be.

I wonder if the spirits grow in Heaven.
We cannot say: such things to God are known
We grasp at hope and comfort that is given.

It cannot be that death shall be the end.
Our hungering love is witness there alone:
To all our thirst, fulfillment God does send.

And in rare moments, when the heart is pure
Comfort flows in that does for grief atone:
Our loved ones live, they live, we feel quite sure.

And in God's own good time, they who are dead
Shall to our spirits perfectly be known,
And we shall see them and be comforted.

* * * *

Peace, little grave, that lies beneath the trees.
I go my way and leave you here alone,
With sound of wind and birds and bees.

Yet often, in the after years, it seems,
In prescience faint as sometimes I have known,
I shall remember you in dreams.

And in the storms of grief which life may send
Your light shall stream from where you lie alone:
I shall remember Death is not the end.

Then unto God I shall lift up my head.
Our lives, our sorrows, all to Him are known,
And through His love I shall be comforted.

MOONLIGHT IN THE WALNUT ORCHARD

The moon rose behind the high tops of the walnut
trees,
Yellow and huge.

Down the path I went under the trees.
The shadows were dense and blue.
But few strips of light lay on the ground.
They were in the open spaces
Where the new grass gleamed white.
A green star shone above the bowl of the orchard.

MOUNTAIN SUNSET

Purple, and copper, and gold, in the path of the glimmering sunset;
Red of the vanishing globe, and deepening green of the branches;
Flash of a bird's bright wing in a radiant shaft of sunlight;
Swift-spreading glow of trembling light on the tops of the pine trees;

Sound of the chariot wind in the overhead, whispering forest;
Tinkle of distant cow-bells, deep in the valley beneath us;
Chirp of the homing-birds, and whir of the wings of insects;
Silent voice of the forest, breathing, thrilling, above us.

Wonderful power Father! He fashions the tiniest insects;
He times the coming-up and the going-down of the daylight;
And yet, He dwells within us, and loves as a human father!
God is a beautiful God! He walks in peace beside us,
Holding our hands in His own, and guiding us safely onward.

Ths is the Church of God, with lillies to deck the altar,
Firmament blue for the vault; and darkening pines for the pillars;
Incense-glow of the sunset, wafting up light and fragrance.
Blessed, beloved God! We drnk from the chalice Thy spirit,
We lay our hearts on the altar; we bow in deep adoration;
We offer Thee now ourselves: our lives, our love, forever.

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